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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local, and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

BAD HIGHWAY CONDITIONS

The streets and roads everywhere are in about the worst condition ever recorded, and little can be done to improve them until the frost is entirely out of the ground. Throughout the city many dangerous places have been suitably marked by the highway department to warn drivers of danger. Few places are worse than outer Broadway, and the thousands of people who have occasion to use that important thoroughfare are anxiously looking forward to the time when the new pavement will be built.

The road from Newport to Fall River is in good condition, but beyond Fall River, either toward Providence or Boston, they have been practically impassable. The heavy freeze of Wednesday and Thursday stiffened up the surface but simply added that amount of frost which will have to come out again, and which will, doubtless, leave them in even worse shape. All along the highways for miles trucks and passenger cars have been stalled and some of them had to be abandoned for days before they could be moved. It has been the worst spring following the worst winter on record. In parts of Massachusetts the use of trucks over a certain weight has been temporarily prohibited.

GOLF CLUB DUES

Although no date has as yet been set for the formal opening of the Wanumetonomy Golf & Country Club, it is expected that the nine-hole course will be ready for use in the spring, probably about Memorial Day, or possibly before that. Good progress has been made on both the building and grounds, so that the members will have plenty of opportunity for sports of various kinds during the summer.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the club, the by-laws were adopted, after some discussion regarding the rates for dues. The annual dues for stockholding members were fixed as follows: family membership $40, single membership $30; for non-stockholding members: family membership $50, single membership $40. The dues for clergy were fixed at $25 and for junior membership (18 to 21) $20.

The annual meeting of the stockholders will be held on the first Monday in June.

AIR SERVICE PLANNED

Plans have been completed for a regular air service between New York and Newport next summer, a corporation having been formed under a charter in Maryland to operate the line. There will be three air yachts, each capable of carrying four passengers with small baggage and the flight from New York to Newport will be made in one hour and a half. Messrs. T. Suffern Tailer and Vincent Astor will be in general charge of the line, and the Newport Chamber of Commerce is taking a deep interest in the matter. The air route will be in operation from June 29 to September 1.

The interest of Henry C. David in the Landers & Peckham store was sold at assignee's sale on Tuesday, and the highest bidder was Max Teitz, who bought it for $2,350. There was a large attendance and the bidding was rather brisk for a time.

The April issue of Kolah Kronikle will go into the mails this afternoon for distribution to members on April 1st.

ANOTHER MIDDLETOWN FIRE

The summer bungalow on Aquidneck avenue, in the town of Middletown, belonging to Miss Mary F. Ellis of Providence, was totally destroyed by fire, probably of incendiary origin, early last Sunday morning. When the flames were discovered by neighbors the fire was so far advanced that nothing could have saved the building even if the fire department had been able to reach the location. This they were unable to do, as the roads were so soft that the heavy Middletown engine could not be brought in to the scene of the fire. The firemen went through on foot and did what they could to prevent the fire spreading to other buildings, but no serious attempt was made to save the house in which the fire originated.

A Newport police officer, seeing the reflection of the flames and believing that the Beach buildings were on fire, sounded box 45, calling out the Newport fire department. The local apparatus went to the box, but when it was seen that the fire was over the line in Middletown and that no request for assistance had been received, they were sent back to their stations.

There have been many fires in that section of Middletown within the last couple of years, most of which are supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Last winter the home of Mr. John Q. Ellis, a retired officer of the Providence police department, and a brother of Miss Mary Ellis, was destroyed in his absence. The house had already been on fire once before. Miss Ellis at that time had an argument with another resident regarding the cause of the fire. Her bungalow, which had been closed for some time, was unoccupied last Sunday morning, and there was no reason to suppose that the fire could have started accidentally.

The residents of that neighborhood are much excited over the long series of incendiary fires. None of them feel safe to go to bed at night. An appeal has been made to the town council of Middletown, and a reward has been offered by the latter for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party.

CAPTAIN ARNOLD JAMES

Captain Arnold James, who died last week at the residence of his son in Renfrew Park, Middletown, was a member of an old Newport family and was well known to the older generation of Newporters. He was the oldest member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., having been raised on April 13, 1863, nearly sixty years ago. He was born in Newport on January 1, 1836, and had lived here all his life. He was engaged in boating and fishing, and was one of Newport's famous old-time boatmen.

At the time the car barn robbers broke jail in the fall of 1899, they seized Captain James' boat and at the point of their revolvers, accompanied by blows, force him to take them out into the bay, where they were later overhauled by a boat containing police officers.

Captain James leaves four sons—Arnold H., Charles A., William C. and Ezra S. James, and two daughters, Mrs. John J. Allen and Mrs. John S. Bradfield. Two brothers also survive—Thomas and Ezra James.

Funeral services were held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel on Monday afternoon, and the Masonic burial service was conducted by Worshipful Master Fred W. Johnstone and the other officers of St. John's Lodge.

WINTER FLARE-BACK

Thursday was practically the coldest morning of the entire winter, readings below zero being seen in the outskirts before daylight. It was the coldest on record for the season, almost the last of March, and was the more severely felt because of the fact that a few warm days had been given us during the early part of the week, and the people had hoped for more.

The announcement in the Mercury last week that Mr. William B. Franklin had completed fifty years of service as a deacon in the Second Baptist Church, was the occasion of an impromptu reception which was extended to him at the close of the morning service last Sunday.

Some piles have been driven in the foundation for the new cigar factory on Commercial wharf, but the unfavorable weather has hampered operations to some extent. Materials are being assembled preparatory to rushing work as soon as the weather is favorable.

TORPEDO STATION CUT.

It looks very much as if the big cut in working forces at the Torpedo Station would have to go into effect as previously announced in spite of the efforts that are being made in various circles here and in Washington to prevent it. The schedule of allotments for the next few months precludes the possibility of paying out anywhere near the present sums paid for labor, and in consequence there will have to be a big reduction in forces unless more money can be found somewhere, which does not now appear possible. The Newport Torpedo Station will have all the money that is available for torpedo work, all the other stations having been closed.

The April allotment is $250,000, practically the same as at present, so that there need be no cut until the end of that month. For May and June the amount is reduced to $200,000 for each month, which means that $50,000 must be cut off somewhere. For July only $160,000 is allowed, which means a further curtailment of $40,000. This is probably the extreme limit of the reduction, as it is expected that a sum equal to the July allotment will be available throughout the remainder of the fiscal year.

In spite of the gloomy outlook the men have not yet lost hope and are stirring every resource to see if some means cannot be adopted to retain the present force practically intact.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, an amended draft of an ordinance regarding the retirement of policemen was received and was studied in executive session. The amendment is intended to check the large number of additions that have been made to the retired list, as the income from the funds is very close to the total amount now required. The new ordinance provides that a man shall continue on active duty after he has served the prescribed 25 years, provided that he is in physical condition to do so. During the past few months a number of officers have been retired, some peremptorily and some at their own request, so that there is now a large number on the pension list.

Steps were taken to remove the dangerous corner on the Ocean Drive near the Olmsted estate. Street Commissioner Sullivan put in a request for the city engineer to prepare plans for the improvement, for which there is some 50 feet of land available. This is one of the most dangerous corners in the whole city and its elimination will be a great improvement.

Chief Kirwin was given permission to install two new fire alarm boxes, for which an appropriation had been made by the council. Allen C. Griffith submitted a communication declining to accept the office of coroner, to which he was recently elected. A temporary loan of $100,000 in anticipation of taxes went to the Aquidneck National Bank, at 4.08.

A large amount of routine business was transacted, and many licenses were granted.

A little tempest in a teapot at the Torpedo Station was quickly disposed of this week, and as usual the men came out on top. Commander Sadler, the acting inspector in charge, recently promulgated an order, which he regarded as essential to the best interests of the Station, having to do with the selection of a grievance committee and the presentation of grievances. The men did not like it, and quickly had a connection established with Washington, with the result that Commander Sadler was overruled and the old system was restored.

The Baltimore police have arrested a colored man charged with wife murder in a small town in Maryland, as the result of a tip given them by the Newport police. The man had been seen in Newport by a colored woman who recognized him, and an investigation by the police indicated that he had sailed for Baltimore on a coal barge that had been at the Melville coaling station. The Baltimore police were notified and when the barge arrived there, they placed him under arrest at the point of their revolvers.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the annual Easter Templar ball by Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, which will be held in Masonic Hall next Monday evening. A large attendance is expected and the affair will be a most enjoyable one.

TWO FIRES

There were two box alarm fires on Thursday, one for a roof fire on Narragansett avenue, and the other for a threatening fire in the rear of the business district off Long Wharf. The firemen were kept at work for some time in each case before the flames were entirely subdued.

Box 512, at Spring and Dixon streets, was pulled about 8.30 Thursday morning, calling the department to the residence of Stephen J. Buckley on Narragansett avenue, where the upper part of the building was blazing merrily. Considerable cutting had to be done to get at the seat of the fire, and the firemen worked inside the building as well as outside. It was a question as to whether the fire started from sparks on the roof or from a closet on the upper floor. Much damage was done to the upper part of the building and the lower floors were well soaked with water and chemicals.

Shortly before 1.00 o'clock a still alarm was sounded, quickly followed by box 3, for a fire in the wooden structure on Arch avenue, occupied by Theodore O. Carr as a carpenter shop on the upper floor and on the lower floor as a garage and stable. The fire apparently originated in the carpenter shop and had made good headway through the roof when it was discovered, so that there was considerable smoke and some alarm in the business district, as the building was located in the rear of some of the large buildings. The means of access was not good, and some of the apparatus went to Long wharf and carried their hose through the Perry Garage to reach the fire. Plenty of water was available to quench the blaze and it was soon drowned out, but it was about a half-hour before the recall was sounded.

TALKING ABOUT BROADWAY

The various public service corporations that have service in outer Broadway have reached agreements as to what shall be done beneath the surface of the roadbed before the new pavement is laid, and work will go on just as quickly as the materials can be secured. In some cases this will mean a considerable delay as orders could not be placed until after it was found out whether or not a new pavement would be laid. Some of the corporations already have their material here, however.

Mr. Patterson, engineer of the State Board of Public Roads, has been in Newport this week, and a meeting was held under the auspices of the committee of 100 which backed the bond issue at the recent election. Mr. Patterson addressed this meeting and explained the most desirable forms of road building, adding a great deal to the understanding of the situation. It will take a long time to complete a permanent pavement on Broadway, however, and work will of course have to go on during the summer. But one side of the street will be opened at a time, which will allow the use of the other side for traffic.

WILLIAM P. DAWLEY

Mr. William P. Dawley, one of the old-time volunteer firemen and for many years foreman of Engine Company No. 1, died very suddenly at his home on Summer street on Tuesday afternoon. Although he had not been in very good health, he had been around as usual during the day. He lay down to rest for a time, and in a short time it was found that life had expired.

Mr. Dawley was a son of the late Perry B. Dawley and was born in Newport on July 14, 1857. He learned the mason's trade as a young man, and was employed in a number of local contracting establishments. He had been interested in the fire department from boyhood, his service dating back to the old volunteer department, but he continued with the No. 1 Company until the department was re-organized and motorized, having been foreman for 15 years at the time of his retirement.

He is survived by a widow, five daughters and two sons.

The annual town meeting in the town of Jamestown for the election of town officers will be held next Wednesday, April 4. There is only one list of names on the ballot this year, and those names are all on the Democratic ticket, the Republicans having failed to file their nominations in time to comply with the law. There is of course a blank section where names can be written in as required by law.

The public schools closed Thursday afternoon for the Easter vacation, and will re-open on Monday, April 9.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Killed by Automobile

While leaving the car Wednesday morning to go to his work, Mr. Thomas F. Keough was struck by an automobile, which caused his death. Mr. Keough, who resided on Dexter street, was engaged in painting the house of Senator Arthur A. Sherman, and left the car about eight o'clock to resume his occupation, when he was struck by a Reo runabout. The automobile went about 135 feet before it stopped after the accident, but the driver stated that he was going only 25 miles an hour. The machine, which was the property of Mr. Joseph Silvia of Wapping Road, was driven by Manuel Cardoza, 17 years of age, who is not a licensed driver.

Mr. Keough was picked up and rushed to the Newport Hospital, but he lived only a short time. He was a painter by trade and moved to this town from Newport about six years ago. During the World War he was a chief gunner's mate in the Reserves. He is survived by a widow and three small children, the oldest being about 11 years old. He was a member of the Weenat Shassitt Tribe of Red Men.

Chief of Police Deegan, who went to the scene of the accident immediately, swore out a warrant charging manslaughter against young Cardoza.

Funeral services will be held at St. Paul's Church at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Emma Sherman has been ill with the grip. She was cared for by Miss Mary Hoar of Fall River.

The fishhawk, which was building its nest this year in the top of one of the electric light and power poles on the Newport & Providence Railway near Freeborn street, was found to be dead and hanging from the pole. This fishhawk had built its nest for years in this immediate vicinity and this year chose the top of a pole which carried a cable with 15,000 volts of electricity. The bird had come in contact with the wire and had been electrocuted. The car barn was notified, the power turned off, and the bird was removed by one of the linemen. It was found to have been badly burned. When measured, its spread was five feet two inches from tip to tip.

Mrs. Lottie Geisler and family have moved to their new home at the corner of East Main Road and Church street. This is the property recently purchase from Miss Kate L. Durfee by the Eureka Lodge of Masons. Extensive repairs and improvements have been made there.

A party was given recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase, in honor of the birthday of Mr. Chase and their daughter, Mrs. Herbert B. Ashley. About twenty-five relatives were present, including four generations. Mr. Chase and Mrs. Ashley received a number of gifts and cards. Ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. John Quinn has returned to her home in Providence, after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.

A number of cases of chicken pox are reported in this town, as well as measles and mumps.

Mrs. Mary Ditmer has returned to her home in Brookline, Mass., after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Mary Sanford.

Mr. Richard R. Macomber has returned to his home from the Truesdale Hospital, Fall River, where he went for treatment.

A community social and supper was held recently at the Methodist Episcopal parish house. A quahaug chowder supper was served, after which a program of music, both vocal and instrumental, and readings was given. A social hour was spent with games.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Anthony are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lawton in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Rhoda Chase was found dead in her chair on Tuesday morning at her home on West Main Road. Miss Chase, who is over eighty years of age, has lived alone for the past ten years, since the death of her brother. She had been suffering with heart trouble for a number of months, but refused to have anyone live with her. She recently sold her farm of eleven acres, with the proviso that she spend the remainder of her days there. Some of the neighbors usually called every day to do little things for her, and take food to her. During the winter she had remained in the kitchen all the time, sleeping in her chair, and it was there that she was found. She was the daughter of the late Andrew and Ann E. Coggeshall, but leaves no near relatives. The funeral service will be held on Saturday at 1.30 o'clock, at her home on West Main Road.

Mr. Samuel Dyer, janitor of the Newtown School, was taken to the Newport Hospital on Tuesday, where he was operated upon for appendicitis.

Miss Kate L. Durfee, who has been spending the past fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Remington in Providence, has returned to her home here.

Services were conducted at 10.30 a. m. every morning this week at St. Mary's Church by the rector, Rev. James P. Conover. An Easter morning service will be held at Holy Cross Chapel, with communion at 10.30 a. m. at St. Mary's Church. In the afternoon at 2.30 the Sunday Schools of both churches will meet at St. Mary's Church for an Easter service.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

State Officers' Day

The March meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange, which is annually observed as State Officers' Day, was held as a morning and afternoon session at Whitridge Hall, Stone Bridge.

The morning session opened at 11 o'clock with Worthy Master, Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe presiding. State Master C. Palmer Chapman was escorted to a seat on her right. State Secretary Mrs. Clara E. Chase was the only other State officer present.

After the opening ceremony, Mr. Edwin Booth, Master of Nanaquaket Grange, gave the address of welcome, which was responded to by Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox. The Chaplain, Mrs. Elisha A. Pecham, spoke on "The Golden Rule."

The business session closed at noon and a dinner was served in the dining hall, under the direction of Mrs. Edith Seabury.

The afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock and the speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. S. Ella Stevens, was introduced by the lecturer, Mrs. William M. Spooner. Her address was primarily on Juvenile work.

State Master Chapman stated that Antioch and Lime Rock have applied for juvenile granges and that Mrs. Sutcliffe, Master of this Pomona, has been appointed deputy for this work for Rhode Island.

Remarks were made for the good of the order by a number of Masters of various granges and others.

A program followed of vocal and instrumental numbers and readings, after which Nanaquaket Grange was given a rising vote of thanks for their hospitality.

The decorations of potted plants were sent at the close of the meeting to sick and shut-in members.

Mr. Edward A. Brown, president of the Newport & Providence Street Railway Company, was elected one of the vice presidents of the New England Street Railway Club at the annual meeting and banquet, which was held recently in Boston.

At a recent meeting of the G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Miss Dorothy Sherman.
Vice President—Mrs. Ward Elliott.
Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. George H. Draper.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Mitchell, who have been visiting relatives in Providence, have returned to their home.

Mr. Lloyd Peckham has returned from a visit in Meriden, Conn.

Mrs. Edgar Lewis entertained a number of the members of the P. M. Club at dinner recently, in honor of Miss Louise Whitman of Newport, who will become the bride of Mr. William Lewis during Easter week. Miss Whitman was presented with a beautiful picture.

Mrs. John McCartney, who has been visiting relatives in Rehoboth, Mass., has returned to her home.

Mrs. Lenice Lurenda (Littlefield) Conley, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Sisson, on Vaucluse avenue. She was the daughter of the late Anthony and Susan Milliken Littlefield of Block Island and married Pascal Martin Conley in 1865. Mr. Conley, who was a Civil War veteran, died a number of years ago. To them were born five children: Winfield A. of Block Island, Pascal M. and Mrs. Sisson, Mr. John M. Conley, who died last November, and a daughter, who died in infancy. Mrs. Conley was in her seventy-eighth year, and was a woman of pleasing personality. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The funeral services were held at her late home with her daughter on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. A. Stanley Muirhead officiated. The interment was in the family plot in the Middletown cemetery. There were many floral tributes.

A public whist was given at the home of Mrs. Clara Chase last Saturday evening for the benefit of the Middletown Free Library. After the whist the hostess served Welsh rarebit, crackers and coffee. Prizes were awarded as follows: Women's first, Mrs. Clinton Copeland; second, Mrs. Phoebe Edmundson; men's first, Mr. Alfred Anthony; second, Mr. Robert Sanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee and family have moved from their home on Third Beach road to Connecticut, where they will reside.

The March meeting of the public school committee, which had been postponed on account of the dangerous condition of the roads, was held on Monday evening at the town hall, with all members present.

Dr. Norman MacLeod of Newport was appointed medical inspector for the schools. His duties shall be a full physical inspection for each child, a visit to every school once in two weeks for inspection, and the vaccination of all children not previously vaccinated. He is also to be on call for emergency cases in connection with the work of the district nurse. Dr. MacLeod will take up his duties at the re-opening of the schools after the Easter vacation.

Superintendent Joel Peckham reported that he had not been able to complete arrangements for storm signals, but expects to be able to attend to them before the next meeting.

The matter of instituting a roll of honor in each school was recommended. A large amount of routine business was transacted.

The Custard Cup

by

Florence Bingham Livingston

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as the "Custard Cup," originally "Cloister Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Horatius Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name.

CHAPTER II.—A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings.

CHAPTER III.—Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penzie, and Lettie is adopted into the family.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield's uncle Jerry. He announces he is going to remain in the vicinity of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER V.—Uncle Jerry arranges to occupy the loft above Mrs. Penfield's abode.

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle Jerry meets Prudence Hapgood, no longer young, but attractive, and the two appear to "hit it off" well. Lorene Percy, young friend of Penzie's, tells her of her engagement to Dick Chase, also a mutual friend.

CHAPTER VII.—Friendship developing between Uncle Jerry and Frank Bosley, husband of Gussie, worries Penzie.

CHAPTER VIII.—Calming a tenant, Mrs. Sanders, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mrs. Penfield reveals the tragic story of her own life, the sudden loss of her three children in an epidemic and the subsequent death of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.—Lettie's pet aversion in The Custard Cup has long been a certain Mr. Josiah Wopple, and the animosity culminates in a physical encounter in which much water is spilled.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Chase confides to Mrs. Penfield that his fiancee's stepmother, Mrs. Percy, by pleading physical helplessness, is seeking to prevent their marriage. Penzie skilfully exposes Mrs. Percy's sham, and the latter is forced to withdraw her objections.

CHAPTER XI

Due to the Neighbors.

"Mis' Penfield, be you there? I've brung back that half a yeast cake I owed you."

"Come right in, Mrs. Wopple. How are things going with you?"

"Pretty fair." Mrs. Wopple smoothed her afternoon gown complacently. "I had a heavy day. I been cleaning the best silver. I got so much, it makes my arm ache."

Mrs. Penfield could not decide whether it was good to have these many riches or bad to suffer for them, so she made no comment.

"I don't clean the kitchen silver reg'lar," continued her caller. "I just keep the sandsoap handy. But the other gets cleaned once a month. I keep house methodical."

"Ain't it fine you can!" remarked Mrs. Penfield genially.

"It's 'cause I plan," sniffed Mrs. Wopple. A shrewd gleam came into her eyes. "I understand the Bosleys had a quarrel this mornin'. I was told you was there, Mis' Penfield."

"Oh, Mrs. Bosley called me in to see 'bout the kitchen chimney. It don't draw. She thought mebbe—"

"Mis' Catterbox says they fit like wild animals. She heard 'em. Wasn't you there when it happened?"

"Mr. Bosley came in while I was there," admitted Mrs. Penfield.

"Well, I must say they got nerve, to fight 'fore outsiders," snapped Mrs. Wopple, who had rigid ideas about the privacy of this domestic privilege. "I s'pose you tried to interfere, Mis' Penfield."

"Me? Land, no. I never interfere. I believe that all family fights are private, even if they're held in public. I don't scarcely think they knew I was there—and I wasn't, very long."

"I'll bet it was int'restin'," said Mrs. Wopple enviously. "But you needn't tell anything if you don't want to. Mis' Bosley told Mis' Catterbox a lot; said he struck her and she wouldn't stand it forever. Some say they're talkin' of goin' to Seattle."

"Oh, are they?"

Mrs. Wopple, highly dissatisfied with the outcome of this excursion into neighborhood news, tried once more. "Mis' Percy run in this mornin'. She's awful low in the dumps. She says she'll break up here if Lorene gets married."

"If! Ain't Lorene going to be married next week?"

"'S the talk. But, as Mis' Percy says, there ain't nothin' sure till it happens. It's easy seen she ain't struck with that young Chase. She don't b'lieve he's much in love. Says he's just as calm as veg'table soup. He tends to business just as steady as if he'd never heard of love, and he gives right in to all Lorene's notions. He ain't impetuous 'nough to suit Mis' Percy."

Mrs. Penfield was amused. "That red-hot unreasonableness never made any hit with me. My observation is: the lover that pursues the hardest, flees the fastest. What I like 'bout Dick Chase is that he keeps his head. The love 'tween those two young people has grown naturally and steadily, and it stands ten times the chance to last."

Mrs. Wopple bridled with faded coquetry. "Me, I don't know nothin' 'bout that slow kind. Josiah was awful eager."

A vision of Mr. Josiah Wopple—with the sneaking gait and the crafty,

"You Needn't Tell Anything If You Don't Want To."

peering eyes—flashed into Mrs. Penfield's mind. She prodded her imagination to picture the resistless impetuosity of his younger days, but found herself lacking in the requisite visualization.

"There's all kinds of courtin'," she said, with polite vagueness. "Yes—yes, Lettie! I'm in the bedroom."

Mrs. Wopple rose hastily. "I'll be goin' if that heathen young'un's comin' in. You got a big job to civilize her. Run over when you can, Mis' Penfield; you ain't very neighborly. I got a brand-new dress to show you, and I'm embroiderin' a beaut'ful table cover. I know you'll like to see 'em."

"Yes, thank you. I'd just love to see 'em. I'll be in as soon's I can get a minute."

"O Penzie," cried Lettie, when the caller had gone, "I got the swellest pickings." Proudly she exhibited an old pasteboard box well filled with ink bottles, each containing a small residue—India inks, red, black. "Ain't it grand? I guess it was a school or somep'n—mebbe a feller that draws these here pictures in the paper."

Mrs. Penfield surveyed this charming find with some dubiousness. "We hain't got any immediate call for ink, Lettie. And, honest, dear, I hate to see you so set on prowling."

Lettie gazed at her reproachfully. "I've always brung in things. I told you I would when you said you'd keep me."

"Yes, dear, but there are lots of things that would suit me better. You've got to get over this habit. In January you must go to school and learn things out of books, so't you can grow up smart."

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Lettie, in dismay. "I'll bet I can't never sit still. I wisht they taught school by running. And look here, Penzie, you just give these here ink bottles another up-and-down. They're grand, and I'll be switched if I can't think of somep'n to do with 'em."

Mrs. Penfield, washing potatoes for supper, decided to accept ink bottles with polite graciousness. "Put 'em on the lower shelf in the cupboard, Lettie. Sometime we'll play an ink game. I'll show you how." She put the potatoes in the oven and regulated the drafts.

"Mis' Penfield," called a voice, the owner of which was nowhere visible. "Mis' Penfield, can you come over?"

"That's Mrs. Catterbox," said Mrs. Penfield. "Something's happened. You watch the fire, Lettie, the way I've showed you."

She dashed through the house, toward the driveway. She was used to these calls out of the atmosphere and had become very accurate in distinguishing one voice from another. Tenants of The Custard Cup were prone to shrill their crises and their demands in the direction of Number 47 without taking the trouble to send their bodies with their voices.

It seemed that Mrs. Catterbox had become exasperated because her very young son Timmy, when sent upon nearby errands, was in the habit of losing whatever he had gone after. Today Mrs. Catterbox had sent him to the corner drug store for ten postage stamps and had charged him, with particular vehemence, not to lose them. Timmy thought he wouldn't. For once he would prove his trustworthiness. He had therefore immediately affixed the ten stamps to the rough material of his coat sleeve, and that by means of the mucilage for such purposes provided.

There was no denying that Timmy had come home with the stamps. Further, there was no denying that no one could readily get them off. Mrs. Catterbox had tried gentle pulling, and had even snipped the outer fuzz of the goods; but there her ingenuity had failed. It was left to Mrs. Penfield to divest Tommy of the garment and immerse the stamps, face down, in water, which presently dissipated the cohesion.

"They'll be worth money when they dry," she said pleasantly, "and you can stick 'em with mucilage or white of egg."

But on her way home her mind was full of perplexity. "I wish there was two of me—or something," she thought. "Land knows I'm glad to do anything I can, but I got a house to keep and three children to support. It's going to take me day and night both, at this rate."

The problem had assumed serious proportions. More and more frequently Mrs. Penfield was summoned in different directions, to solve difficulties which the tenants might have solved for themselves. Often she worked far into the night, ironing or sewing or mending, because those tasks had been crowded out of her interrupted day. Moreover, it meant added expense for light and fuel, to say nothing of the heat which was repeatedly wasted in the daytime because of sudden calls from the neighbors. The situation had grown out of the few duties which she performed in exchange for her rent—and had grown naturally, because when a person of general utility is found, he is generally utilized. Mrs. Penfield was finding herself in a quandary. She believed in service, but she was also keenly conscious of home duty.

"I'll bet I'll have to keep office hours before long," she told herself, as she entered her own kitchen again.

She found three hungry young people awaiting her.

"What are we going to have for supper, Penzie?" asked Crink, whose interest in this subject was constantly to be depended upon.

"Well, my dear, we're going to have a grand meal. We're going to have baked potatoes with chipped-beef gravy. I bought some milk on purpose. And for dessert you'll get steamed raisins—six apiece. Ain't that fine?"

"Yeah," grinned Crink. "Just so we get full—"

"That's the idea," she encouraged. "There's one thing I don't want you children ever to forget, and that is: It's a privilege not to have but two kinds to a meal. Some of the highest-up folks do it, and you read in the paper 'bout their living simply or eating abstemious. It's considered a great credit to 'em; and, land, you just ought to read the health books. Why, they pretty near all agree that the main trouble with folks is having too many kinds of food at once."

"Is 'ere any cookies?" inquired Thad persuasively.

"No, Thad, you can't have two sweets to a meal. 'Tain't healthy."

"Didn't you hear her say 'raisins'?" put in Lettie, with great snap. "They're more tastier'n cookies any day. Say, baby, if you want cookie, eat more potato. Can't you figger that out for yourself?"

"They don't taste the same," protested Thad plaintively.

"One's just as filling as the other," smiled Mrs. Penfield, stirring thickening into the gravy. "Land, this supper's tasty 'nough for anybody. And I wish I could get you to remember that taste ain't nothing but a trick that your mouth plays on you. What I'm chiefly aiming at is your stomachs. And you got another grand treat coming tonight. I got a fine story to tell you just's you go to bed. It's 'bout the lazy beaver."

"Why, Penzie," Crink pointed out. "I thought all the beavers liked to work."

"The reg'lar beavers do," admitted Mrs. Penfield, "but this one didn't. He was kind of a disgrace to all the other beavers, and I guess they s'pressed him somehow. But his story is out at last, and I'm going to tell it to you."

"Glory be!" cried Lettie. "I can't stand 'em too good. When they're bad, there's more doing."

CHAPTER XII

A Busy Day for the Gang.

"Fil Caesar, be still!" commanded Lettie severely. "You can't have this chicken, 'cause I'm going to raise it for Penzie. Poor little feller!" she crooned. "We're going to grow you into a nice hen, ain't we? Get away, Filibuster Caesar Penfield, I tell you. This here chicken's been chawed into a'ready. Think I'm going to let it be et any more?"

Her hands being fully occupied with the injured chicken, she emphasized her attitude toward Fil by vigorous thrusts of her foot. She was sitting on the back steps, binding up a long yellow leg, the accidental bruising of which had been the basis of this gift. No one would have thought of giving her a whole fowl; but when she had been found lavishing sympathy upon this maimed specimen, the owner had bestowed it upon her with relieved carelessness.

And Lettie had accepted it eagerly. The half of a person's kingdom was as much as she ever expected, and that half considerably battered and tattered. The time had not yet come when Lettie would wonder why she was living; so far her brief years had been filled with a desperate struggle to keep that life existent without regard to its purpose, and until recently there had never been anything but the merest scraps to do it with.

"Awk! Awk!" complained the chicken.

"Woof! Woof!" worried the dog.

"Shut up, both of you," advised Lettie sharply. "My landy patience, ain't you both the limit? Keep still, hen, can't you? Don't you never want two legs again?"

"Hello, spitfire. Where's your Uncle Jerry?"

The child's black eyes flashed as she looked up. Instinctively she disliked Frank Bosley, and the feeling was constantly being strengthened by his treatment of her as a superfluous thread in the fabric of humanity.

She made no reply.

"Hello, Spitfire!"

"Where's your Uncle Jerry?" he repeated.

"I don't know," declared Lettie briefly, tying the bandage into a hard knot.

"Is he at home?"

"Didn't I tell you I didn't know where he was?" inquired Lettie tartly.

He shrugged his shoulders in a way that discredited anything that Lettie Penfield might say.

She glared at him, started to speak, then paused. A plan was springing into being in her mind. She would do something for Penzie. More than once she had seen Penzie's face grow sad and troubled when this man and Uncle Jerry went out of The Custard Cup together, and her lightning intuition had told her that Penzie disapproved of the friendship between the two men. Now here was a chance to show Frank Bosley how that family felt toward him. Then, perhaps, he would let Uncle Jerry alone. Penzie would be delighted.

"You'd better go home," began Lettie directly. She tied a string to the well leg of the chicken and fastened the other end to a nail on the outside wall of the kitchen.

Frank Bosley laughed—not so much in amusement as in lazy defiance. "Winston!" he called, with his eyes on the loft. "Hoo-hoo! Winston!"

Lettie turned on him. "What d'you mean? Didn't I tell you he wasn't here?"

"You did not," denied Bosley coolly, leaning against one of the clothes-line poles and smiling at her scornfully. "You said you didn't know where he was."

"If he was here, I'd know it, wouldn't I?" she returned, with equal scorn. "He ain't to home. Do you get it now?"

Looking up, he gave a shrill whistle. "Hoo-hoo, there! Winston!"

Lettie, tying Fil Caesar to the new wire fence to forestall further interest in the injured chicken, tightened the knot with a jerk and wheeled around. Her lean brown fingers were working. "Don't you b'lieve what I say? When I say he ain't here, don't you b'lieve me?"

He gave her an impudent look from his prominent, heavy-lidded eyes. "No, I don't, if you want to know. What do you think you are, anyhow? You ain't anybody. And stop sassing me, darn you!"

A flush rose in Lettie's pale cheeks. She stamped her foot. "I am somebody, too," she stormed. "I'm going to be a fine woman sometime. Penzie says I'm to be. So!"

Frank Bosley threw back his head and laughed. Straightening to catch his breath, he suddenly bent forward, as if limp from merriment. Lettie, watching, felt her rage turn to fear, to cold terror. Was it possible that Penzie's love had held up a false hope to encourage her and that everybody else looked down on her?

"Oh, gee!" he gasped, recovering himself. "Who'd think Penzie'd string you like that?"

At the words, the child's fear was swallowed up in recurring anger. Her beloved Penzie had been criticized.

"Don't you dare talk 'bout Penzie," she flashed. "Get outa here, you sixy stiff! Get outa—" She dashed toward him with outflung arms, as one might to frighten a small animal; then stopping so abruptly that she swayed dizzily for a moment. "Excuse me," she muttered. "O Lord!" She turned and flew into the house, banging the kitchen door behind her. The minutes that supervened were troubled by a thuddy thumping, as of a drum gone wrong.

When Lettie reappeared she was carrying an armful of boards, a tomato can of old rescued nails, and a hatchet with a notched blade. The household did not possess a hammer, an implement too highly specialized to be afforded; the hatchet had squeezed in by its diversity of service.

Frank Bosley was still there, sitting on a small stump, smoking a cigarette. He watched lazily while Lettie spread her materials down on the walk.

"What's the nifty notion?" he drawled.

She gave him a brief glance. "You here yet?"

"Sure, and talking. I asked, what you making?"

"I'm going to make a coop for—" She broke off and sat back on her heels, considering.

"For the pepper-and-salt shipwreck?" he put in helpfully.

"'Tain't a shipwreck," defended Lettie. "It's a Plymouth Rock, guaranteed, and it's going to be a good one. I gotta name her." She reflected deeply, trying out names soundlessly, with lips moving. "I'll call her Bonnie Geraldine," she said aloud.

This decision, honoring the two daughters of Mrs. Weatherstone, was the highest kind of tribute, being spontaneous and given without intention of flattery. The young ladies were only names to Lettie, who had no more thought of ever seeing a Weatherstone than she had of glimpsing the North pole, rising out of its cake of ice and bearing aloft the flags of the various nations that have discovered it.

"Better call it the Calico Curiosity," he suggested between slow puffs.

Lettie bit her lips till the color left them. Taking up two pieces of board, she propped them together to see if they would form the conventional gable roof of a chicken coop. They would not. With a sigh she discarded one and took up another.

"You can't do it," observed the man. "You don't know how."

"Why don't you help me, then?"

"I? Child, I have better things to do."

"Yes, you have!" she retorted. "Such as slinking in the basement door to see the cross-eyed man!"

With his finger on the clasp of his cigarette case, he paused. Lettie, watching him calmly, was quick to see that her shot had told.

"And the little man that carries a cane," she continued.

"If I was in your place," Lettie proceeded with relish, "I wouldn't leave my machine in the same spot all time. It's kinder horrible, 'tween them two eucalyptus trees on Everidge street, and— Here, Bonnie Geraldine," she commanded, turning to her new acquisition, "stop flopping 'round so. That dog ain't going to hurt you. Here, good old Fil, treat her decent, can't you? You gotta get 'quainted and be friends. How can I love you both if—"

She heard steps behind her. Switching about, she encountered the white anger of Frank Bosley.

"You imp of satan!" he growled. "Hold your tongue in your head if you don't know how to use it. You hain't never seen me in any such place. If you want to play safe, you won't get me mixed with somebody else and go blabbing."

Lettie stood up and confronted him coolly, thin shoulders thrown back, dark eyes undaunted.

"If it wasn't you, what're you getting so mad for? How do you know I ain't praising you?"

"I don't care what way 'tis. Whoever you saw, 'twan't me. D'you understand? You needn't get me mixed up with anybody else."

"I hain't got you mixed up, Mr. Frank Bosley. I got your number, and I know a lot I hain't told. I seen you three fellers more'n once; and way you slink, I know you're 'shamed of something. All is, if you want me to keep still, you get outa here and keep away from Uncle Jerry."

With an assumption of recovered composure, he returned to the stump, took out another cigarette, struck a match, and contemplated the child with well-simulated indifference.

"Don't worry, spitfire."

Lettie was immensely disappointed. She had thought she was making headway, and here she was back where she had been in the first place. It took scarcely ten seconds for her anger to rise.

"Get outa here," she shrieked. "Get out and keep out."

"Dry up," he retorted. "I've heard 'nough from you, young lady. I didn't come here to be sassed. I came to see your Uncle Jerry, and right here I stay till he comes."

"No, you don't; no, you don't," stormed Lettie. "You're going now, or I'll— Oh, by jingoes, there I go again! Excuse me, I gotta—"

Black curls lashing her thin shoulders, she sprinted to the steps and clipped into the kitchen. The wooden tattoo began again and continued steadily for some time. When it finally ceased, Lettie came back wearily and threw herself down on the walk. Turning all the nails out of the tin can, she proceeded to sort them according to their degree of curvature, few of them being straight.

"Bonnie Geraldine," she said softly, "you sit right still. You're going to be well pretty soon." She threw a nail back into the can, as being beyond her skill in driving. She looked up at Bosley.

"I really wish you'd go home," she urged, in a voice of great reasonableness. "We don't want you here; honest, none of us do. We don't think you're a good friend for Uncle Jerry and—"

An insolent laugh interrupted her plea.

"I mean it," she continued, with growing vehemence. "We don't like you to come here. Please go away."

"Dry up, you little fool. I'm tired of your patter. Ah, there you are, Winston. Say, old man, I thought you'd never come. How does it look?"

Jerry Winston walked into the yard. "Pretty good, I guess. Let's get somewhere and talk it over."

Lettie had risen and was watching them anxiously, her large eyes widening as her dismay increased.

"Come on over to my house," suggested Frank Bosley.

"All right."

Lettie stepped forward. "Uncle Jerry," she begged, "don't go with that man. Penzie doesn't like it."

Jerry Winston fixed her with a look such as she had never before received from him. "Keep still, Lettie, and mind your own business."

"But, Uncle Jerry," she gasped, "you mustn't. It's making her unhappy. Oh, please don't."

"Lettie," he returned, in a tone that pierced her heart, "you 'tend to your own business, I tell you. You're making a big mistake. I choose my own friends, and I choose good ones, too."

"Oh—oh—oh!" she screamed, wringing her hands in agony. "I can't have it. I can't stand it. It makes her so unhappy. Oh, Uncle Jerry, you got me going. Come back, or I'll—" She reached over and gathered up a handful of nails; then dropped her hand. The nails fell with a jangle on the board walk.

She was alone. Uncle Jerry had gone with Frank Bosley. During the moment that she realized her failure to frustrate this friendship, her

"Uncle Jerry," She Begged, "Don't Go With That Man."

breath stopped, from the most acute despair. Then her anger rose, mounting to rage—against Uncle Jerry, against Frank Bosley.

"I'll show him; I'll show him!" she vowed in a fury. On a mad impulse she tore around the house—then whirled and tore back again. "O Lord," she groaned, "why can't I remember? I gotta remember, 'cause I gotta stay with Penzie."

Again she pelted into the kitchen and reached for the toy rolling-pin. Vicious blows rained on the board—blows of rage against the two men, blows of exasperation over her failure, blows of wild wrath against her own temper.

"Devil, you shan't have me. You shan't; you shan't. Devil, do you hear? You—shan't—have—me!"

Over and over she uttered this defiance, and with every word she struck the gong till the heavy board swung against the wall.

"O Penzie," she sobbed brokenly, "I'm trying—I'm trying. Honest, I'm—"

On and on she pounded, her emotion reaching frenzy, a frenzy like that of the worn piper who dances till he falls. Her arm ached, but her energy did not relax. Her blood went queer, like a great wave, leaving her head cold. Then another great wave that flooded her with heat, rolled over her, shut off her breath, receded! A black wave!

She was still lying there on the floor beneath the temper gong when Mrs. Penfield came in—her face white in its frame of black curls, her right hand limp on the rolling-pin that had come down with her on its broken string.

CHAPTER XIII

Calamity Coal Oil.

The days of Lorene Percy's engagement had been stormy ones in her home, but through neighborly persuasion and intercession, Mrs. Percy had raised no permanent obstacle. Lorene's friends felt certain that her release from home rule was assured.

It was the evening before the marriage ceremony. All the little Penfields had long since retired to their sleeping-boxes; and that they might not be disturbed by the light, Mrs. Penfield was sewing in the kitchen. It was late and she was very tired. Twice she had caught herself napping and had gone to the back door to breathe in the fresh air and get thoroughly awake again. The moon was full; the sky was intensely blue except where quills of white cloud were laid across it; the back yard was filled with soft radiance that transformed the ugly clothes-poles into slender shafts of light.

"What a beautiful world it is!" she said to herself. "And we all go so fast that we don't have time to look at it the way it is. I wonder why we get fretted up over a lot of pesky details that we forget all about in a week, when the universe is calm and happy. Looks like we ain't in harmony with it. I wish I had time— No, I don't. What I wish is that I can stay awake and sew an overcoat."

Resolutely she went back to her chair and fitted sections of the coat together.

Footsteps sounded on the board walk. There was a quick knock. The door opened.

"Oh, I knew something would happen. I just knew it would. And it has. Oh—oh!"

Mrs. Penfield sprang to her feet. The voice was familiar, but she would hardly have recognized, without this evidence, the figure that confronted her.

"Lorene!" she gasped.

"Look at me!" cried the girl. Her tragic tone emphasized her ludicrous appearance. Her face and hands were covered with fine soot, in flecks, in streaks; her fair hair was curiously darkened, as if a thin black veil had been drawn over it; her light blue house dress looked greasy and soiled.

"Why, my dear, I can see you've had a little accident," said Mrs. Penfield briskly, "but 'twon't take long to get you washed up again. I'll help you. Oil heater, I s'pose."

The girl nodded. "My—Mrs. Percy lighted it and put it in my room. I was going to pack. She said I'd take cold if the room wasn't warmed. And—and when I went in a few minutes later, I couldn't see. The air was full of black soot—everywhere—clouds of it. Oh, dear; oh, dear, what can I do?"

"Why, Lorene, I'll help. We—"

"Mrs. Penzie," shrieked the girl, wringing her hands in distress, "you don't understand. Everything is ruined."

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THE CUSTARD CUP

Continued from Page 2

"Ev'rything?"

"Yes, everything. All my clothes! I had them all laid out, ready to pack—on the bed, the chairs. The clothes-press was open. They're all black, sticky, spoiled." She threw herself on the wash bench and broke into wild sobbing. "Why, by the time I'd been in there two minutes—look at me!"

"Oh, my dear," begged Mrs. Penfield, "don't cry. We've got to think of something."

"We can't," wailed the girl. "There isn't anything to be-begin on. They were all there—everything I own in the world, everything I've been saving for all these mo-months." She lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Penfield with streaming eyes. "Yes, I suppose they can be cl-cleaned, but there isn't time before tomorrow. There isn't th-th-time." Her voice broke. "Dick has his leave of absence and the tickets and all the de-details arranged. We can't put it off and—and we can't—I can't be m-m-married like this, can I?" She threw out her arms in a gesture of hopelessness.

Mrs. Penfield could not restrain a smile as she gazed at the forlorn bride-elect, huddled on the wash-bench, too abject to realize her own appearance at the moment or to care about it compared with the greater calamity at home.

"What can I do, Mrs. Penzie? I can't ask Dick to take me like this."

"No, dear, you aren't going to." Mrs. Penfield put her hands on the girl's shoulders and gave her a gentle shake that was half reproof and half caress. "Grab your nerve, Lorene, and we'll work a way out of this. So long as there ain't nothing more vital in the path than soot and cinders, I predict you're going to be married tomorrow noon, as scheduled—and all fresh and dainty, too. You left your windows open, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, but—"

"Then the air must be clear by this time. I'll turn out the lamp, and we'll go right over and see how things look."

Things looked exactly as Lorene had represented. The swirling soot had settled—and very thoroughly, too. The care and forethought with which Lorene had gathered together all her possessions to be packed as swiftly as possible, had greatly heightened the disaster. Part of her outfit had been assembled for her trip; the rest was to have been sent to her new home. Two trunks stood open; the trays, half packed, had been lifted out and had suffered complete eclipse. Not even the bureau drawers were closed as usual.

Mrs. Penfield went briskly around the room, collecting washable articles in a big clothes-bag. From the clothes-press Lorene brought out the form on which hung the beautiful suit in which she was to have been married. An hour before, it had been a delicate brown, with a narrow white vest. But even its cover had been taken off and folded. As Lorene looked at the sorry garment, her eyes filled again, her shoulders shook.

"Don't you care!" said Mrs. Penfield cheerfully. "We'll send it to the cleaner's the first thing in the morning, and like as not they'll cut their twenty-four-hour service to twelve. Then I'll send it to you by express. Now what do you think you'd better wear tomorrow? This white georgette is lovely, but you sure couldn't travel in it. My idea would be this." She lifted a gown of gray-blue silk figured in a misty pattern.

Lorene shook her head. "It isn't wash silk."

"I can wash it," affirmed Mrs. Penfield stoutly. "I can tell by the feeling of it."

The door opened a crack. The heavy face of Mrs. Percy appeared, followed by the lady herself as she perceived that the air was now free of its sooty burden.

"Ain't it a mess!" she cried, in fastidious disgust. "Good heavens, Lorene, I don't see what you were thinking of not to keep an eye out. You knew I'd lighted the heater. You've certainly dished your own plans now—and you did it yourself, too. You can't say that I—"

"It's a beautiful evening, ain't it, Mrs. Percy?" greeted Mrs. Penfield

The Heavy Face of Mrs. Percy Appeared.

genially. "Did you notice the moon? It's 'bout the grandest we ever got."

Mrs. Percy's neck stiffened. She tossed her head in offended dignity. "I guess you don't need me if you're feeling so pert," she snapped. The door closed with decisive vehemence.

"I was wondering about a coat," remarked Mrs. Penfield quietly, as if her thoughts had never strayed from this subject. "If I only—if I had—but mebbe you could—"

"I can borrow a coat. And oh, I wonder— Yes, see! My hat was in its box and it's all right." Lorene held up a small brown traveling hat.

"That's fine. My, but you're a lucky girl, Lorene. Now you take part of these things and we'll go back and get to work."

But scarcely had they reached Number 47 when Mrs. Penfield reversed her orders. "Ain't no need for you to stay, Lorene. Washing is a simple thing for me, you know, and I'll enjoy doing something toward the occasion. Besides, we might disturb the children if you stayed. You run along. You've got a lot of trinkets to scrub up and your hair to wash. I'll put these white things a-soak and squeeze 'em out. They can be ironed later."

Lorene hesitated. "I hate to have you, but—if I set the alarm and come over real early, you'll have the ironing for me, won't you? And it wouldn't disturb you?"

"Dear child, you can't disturb me. Come over as early as you like."

Lorene kissed her gratefully and went.

Mrs. Penfield started up the fire and strung the kitchen with many lines of heavy twine. Contrary to her careless protestations, the task ahead of her was by no means simple. Diversity was its keynote. Some of the things required hot water, some cold, some lukewarm; some demanded soap, some could not survive it. Lace had to be ripped out and cleansed separately. The blue silk was put through water that had been made milky by one of Mrs. Penfield's washing bags, devices of her own for the laundering of delicate colored fabrics. The two tubs were supplemented by pans and basins. Rinsing, blueing, starching, all took time. Even the drying was a matter for constant supervision, constant rearrangement, owing to the uneven heat in the room.

When it came to the ironing, Mrs. Penfield found the electric bulb too far from the prescribed position of her board; but by putting the lamp on top of the cupboard, she was able to get sufficient light to go on with her work.

Day was breaking when Lorene came around the house. Seeing the light, she went in softly; then stopped short in amazement. The kitchen was hung with dainty garments, smoothly ironed, each on a hanger formed by a rolled newspaper and suspended by a string. Her eyes fell on three elaborate white blouses that she had not realized Mrs. Penfield had taken. The white georgette gown was like new, every one of its many plaits pressed crisp and flat; the lace that outlined the square neck was fresh and fluffed. The blue silk showed no slightest trace of the evening's experience.

Mrs. Penfield was sitting on the edge of a stool, her body crumpled forward, her cheek resting on the ironing-board, her holder in her outflung hand. She was asleep.

"And I let her do it," breathed the girl in contrition.

Mrs. Penfield roused, in the midst of her weariness sensing the presence of another person. There were tired shadows under her eyes, but she smiled brightly.

"I guess I'm all through, Lorene. I was just resting a minute."

Lorene sprang forward and threw her arms around Mrs. Penfield's neck. She kissed the tired cheeks.

Mrs. Penfield held her close. Fleeting pictures jerked through her brain—of her own life, starting in promise like Lorene's, breaking in despair as she hoped Lorene's never would.

"Dear little girl, may you be happy—always," she whispered.

CHAPTER XIV

Not a Friend to Uncle Jerry.

"What's the idea, Car'line?" inquired Uncle Jerry, coming into the kitchen. "Crink says you won't tell 'em how to make a hen-coop or henhouse, or whatever it is, and he'n Lettie are getting their brains all snarled up, trying to study it out."

"Twon't hurt 'em a mite," declared Mrs. Penfield serenely, as she poured cold water over the starch and crushed out the lumps against the bottom of the big pan. "What I aim to do, Uncle Jerry, is to teach them children to think. How are they ever going to get along when they grow up if they haven't learned to work out their own problems?"

Uncle Jerry turned toward the sink to wash his hands. "They'll be smarter when they grow up."

"Not if they don't have some mental exercise along the way," retorted Mrs. Penfield mildly. "I figger that a lot of parents practically embalm their children's brains by doing all the thinking for the family. That's one mistake I don't intend to make."

Uncle Jerry reached for the soap. "It's all the same to me," he grinned. "Bonnie Geraldine's the one that's got the kick."

"Nonsense! I'll risk Bonnie Geraldine. Crink knows as much about boards and nails as I do, and if he and Lettie can't study up some kind of shelter for one hen, I'll be shamed of 'em. It may take 'em a few days, but they'll be days well put in." She set the pan on the stove and poured in boiling water, stirring briskly as she talked.

Uncle Jerry wiped his hands thoughtfully. "I wasn't criticizing, Car'line. Great Scott, if you're got the courage to take in kids that you might leave running loose in the world, you'd oughter have the privilege of managing 'em any way you darn please. All is, I wasn't going to hand out any hints if 'twas contrary to rules, so I was asking."

"You're a dear," acknowledged Mrs. Penfield, smiling. "I am dead set on this one point, 'cause I've been bored half to death by so many folks that couldn't think an original thought if it'd bring 'em a million dollars. I tell you what, Uncle Jerry, there's more folks'n there ought to be whose minds ain't nothing but cold-storage plants. 'Course you don't always know where the material came from—and sometimes you can trace it easy. I knew a woman once who never said anything 'cept what her minister'd handed out to her. She was a sort of charity case, but I'll bet she wasn't the only one in the congregation. Monday and Tuesday she was real int'resting; Wednesday she was just so-so; Thursday she was on the decline; and by Friday she'd run down entirely. Friday and Saturday she was a pretty fair listener." Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Blessed if I didn't always call on that woman 'long the first of the week sometime."

"You're mighty encouraging to a feller that's had a hit-or-miss life, Car'line. I'd always wished somebody'd worked out a few things for me. Oh, by the way," he added, as he smoothed his hair before the small mirror that hung by the cupboard, "I ordered a sack of sweet potatoes this morning. They'll come sometime today. I got 'em turrible cheap, 'cause they're whales—too big for fancy trade. But I thought mebbe you could use 'em."

"Oh, just grand," cried Mrs. Penfield. "I'd as soon have outsize potatoes as any other kind, and they're what we need most. You be sure to come 'round to supper tonight, Uncle Jerry. We'll have sweet potatoes with salt on 'em, and a cauliflower that Crink brought yesterday. It'll be a grand spread."

"Yes," acknowledged Jerry Winston gravely. "I'll stake my life you'll make them youngsters b'lieve it's Thanksgiving, but—"

"Plenty to eat is always Thanksgiving," she interrupted placidly. "We're awful lucky to be well nourished all the time."

Jerry Winston said nothing. He took up his hat and whirled it absently round and round. The habitual twinkle had died out of his eyes, leaving them gloomy. During several moments of silence he watched Mrs. Penfield sprinkling clothes and rolling them into tight compass with a final slap from her palm to encourage capillarity.

Finally he roused and opened the kitchen door. "I wish I had a settled income," he muttered. He jammed on his hat and went out.

"Poor man, I wish he had!" thought Mrs. Penfield. "It's hard on him to cut loose and not get tied to something again. Land, I got to be careful not to feel hurt 'cause he can't talk it over with his own niece; but trying to force a feller's confidence is hurt like prying a cocoon open with a knife. I ain't going to care; I'm going to expect—and I'm an awful good expecter. Besides, I got a heap of wonderful things to think about."

It was true that several high points had recently been reached by the Penfields. For one thing, Crink had been promoted in the grocery business, being paid now in a small amount of cold cash for his two-hour service in the late afternoon. He was also still on the bushe ring in regard to bargains in vegetables, groceries and meat bones, and continued to bring in supplies that represented a sharp saving to the family. Crink had visions of being able to support the household before many years, and already he was swinging in and out of The Custard Cup with an engaging air of haste and responsibility.

Lettie also had distinguished herself—by a week of flawless behavior. Whether it was because of greater effort or because of fewer alluring temptations, no one knew; neither was anyone so unfeeling as to inquire. The glory of the achievement threw the lower rungs of the ladder into kindly shadow. At last Lettie had been arrayed in the pink sweater and the white hat of Turkish beaver and had gone to church. And again no one sought diligently for the motive—lest it might be found. Many motives which result in creditable actions will undergo instant disintegration if they are exposed to the light, and no risk was run by any Penfield.

It is not to be supposed that Lettie, having won her victory, was inclined to underrate its value. For weeks the pink-and-white outfit had been the pinnacle of her hopes and the bitterest element in her failures; but when it was hers by honest record, she carried off the situation with great nonchalance. Her black eyes glowed with deep fire; her face was irradiated; but her manner was set in the last notch of jauntiness.

"Jimjoy!" she had cried, upon her return from church. "These togs sure beat the world for class. I didn't see anybody dressed nifttier, and I got the swellest feelings inside me. Seems like there ain't nothing I couldn't do if I had the clo'es for it."

Mrs. Penfield smiled at this naive confession of unchanging femininity. "Now that you're begun, I hope you'll keep right on wearing that sweater ev'ry Sunday. It was easy, after all, wasn't it?"

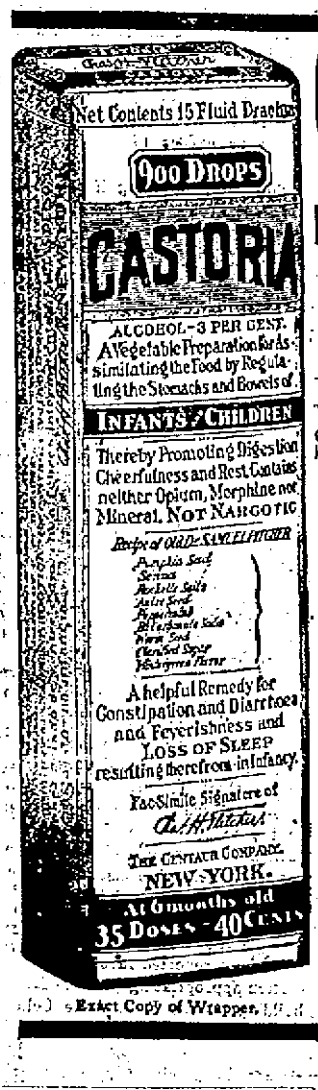
"Oh, dead easy!" confirmed Lettie, with a careless gesture that repudiated weary weeks of abortive endeavor. "There ain't nothing to this behaving stunt 'cept not getting rifled."

"Lettie," sighed Mrs. Penfield, "what you got to learn is to behave in spite of getting rifled."

"O Lord!" cried the child, rolling her eyes in dismay. "I'd rather dodge. And it works out just the same."

"You couldn't dodge all the time, Lettie; but if you want to try it for a spell, there ain't no objection. Now that you can wear your good clo'es, you got to go to Sunday school with Crink and Thad reg'lar. It'll be turrible good for you."

Of these more cheerful phases of two immediate problems—food supply and Lettie's training—Mrs. Penfield was thinking as she finished her sprinkling and starching and changed her dress. It was the first of December. She had been collecting the



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Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

rents and had to make the deposit before the bank should close. Her list was complete except for the Bosleys. While she was debating whether she would call for their rent or let it go till they thought of it, as they surely would in a day or two, Gussie Bosley came in.

"Here's the rent," she said briefly. "I came near forgetting it again."

She was wearing a black satin gown, expensively simple. Around her

Around Her Neck Was a Long Chain of Wrought Gold.

neck was a long chain of wrought gold, set with jade. Mrs. Penfield threw her a second puzzled glance, finding it difficult to realize that this ultra young woman belonged in the exceedingly humble Custard Cup.

Gussie, catching the glance, preened herself saucily. "Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's very smart."

"Glad you think so. It's a simple little dress. I picked it up in San Francisco the other day."

"Well, if I found 'em lying around, I'd keep on picking," smiled Mrs. Penfield genially.

"It does for common, but what I'm dead gone on is this chain. Ain't it the swellest thing you ever glimmered? A Chink friend of Frank's sent it to me."

"I don't wonder you're pleased. The Chinese are awful generous making gifts if they like folks, ain't they?"

A slight flush came superfluously into Mrs. Bosley's cheeks. "Ye—yes, ain't they?"

There was a knocking at the back door. Mrs. Penfield excused herself.

"It was the delivery man," she explained when she returned. "Uncle Jerry ordered a sack of sweet potatoes for me this morning. Didn't ask nor nothing! He is the most thoughtful man!"

A hard look came into Gussie Bosley's eyes. "Lucky you're so well satisfied," she snapped.

Mrs. Penfield looked at her in astonishment. It had not once occurred to her that Frank Bosley's wife might not be in sympathy with his friendship for Uncle Jerry. Evidently she and Gussie were in agreement about its undesirability, but Gussie's attitude suggested a personal criticism which was most unwelcome.

"I conclude you don't like him," she said vaguely.

Gussie shrugged. "I don't think anything about him unless I have to, but I shouldn't have said it if you hadn't dragged him into the talk. 'Tain't your fault, anyhow." She turned to go. "Oh, Mrs. Penfield, do you s'pose the landlord would put an extra lock on the back door?"

"I don't s'pose he would. Ain't any back door got anything but the reg'lar lock and bolt. He couldn't put on an extra one 'thout getting asked for eleven more, likely."

"My heavens, this is a cheap hole. I'll be glad when we get out of it. Wouldn't have caught me staying here all this time if I'd had my way." She flounced out of the door.

Mrs. Penfield stood as Gussie had left her, lost in thought. "I guess I'm stupid," she reflected. "I can't get a line on those Bosleys, except they don't agree. That seems to be free information for ev'rybody. But if this is the reception Uncle Jerry gets at their house, why doesn't he quit going?"

CHAPTER XV

Lettie Attempts Hospitality.

"Oh, I found the most wonderful bargain," announced Mrs. Penfield, as she put down her old suitcase on the kitchen table and unbuckled the straps. "Look here, Uncle Jerry. It's bean splits."

"They look it!" laughed the big man, as he inspected the beans, which were "halved" or otherwise disintegrated.

"Yes, it was easy to name 'em," she agreed. "Point is, they don't cost but half as much as the whole ones, and where's the diff'rence in nourishment? The whole bean's there, only not in one place. And I know a way to cook oil into beans so'st the children don't taste it, and I put in a nice dash of Indian meal, and land, they don't need nothing more to a sitting. They get as nourished as they can stand. You know a lot of folks are overfed."

"'Round here?" inquired Uncle Jerry, with lazy ambiguity.

She faced him with a flush on her cheeks. "Uncle Jerry, you don't mean that the reason you don't—don't take meals with us oftener is—is—"

"Good Lord, no, Car'line," he exploded in amazement. "Ain't anything would suit me better'n to eat with you all the time, but the work I'm trying out is—it means irregular hours. That's all, honest. Why, you don't s'pose I'd be such a blame-fool as to criticize— All is, it kind o' gets me to think what a family you came out of and the bringing up—"

She lifted her hand quickly in a gesture that brushed the past out of existence. "Don't you know that's why I can live this way and be happy doing it? I've come to see that the more possessions you can eliminate, the better you can breathe and the more time you got for other folks—and that's the main concern, ain't it?"

"I'll be running along," said Uncle Jerry, with a whimsical smile. "Time I get back you'll have yourself argued out of food and furniture, I expect."

"No, I won't," she laughed. "I'll make a stand for a certain amount of both, but I'm going to remember that enough is all I want. There's Perennial Prue," she added softly, as she caught a glimpse through the open front door. "Too bad you're going off. You might—"

"Well, now, I—I don't have to go straight away," admitted Uncle Jerry slowly.

Mrs. Penfield gave him a sly glance, but made no comment. It was beginning to dawn upon her that Uncle Jerry admired Prudence Hapgood—that he regarded her as a superior being, worlds removed from the sort of existence which he had known. Before her he was sometimes shy, always awkward, always self-conscious—he, the nonchalant, self-possessed Jerry Winston—and yet he stayed by! Mrs. Penfield wondered.

Certainly Prudence was different from anyone else in The Custard Cup. She was like a quiet little rowboat that had strayed from its moorings and had floated into a group of variegated craft. Always gentle and friendly, she yet had the slightly aloof manner of one whose thoughts are turned often inward. So far from being modified by her surroundings, she had brought her own world into them and kept it intact. Her carefully preserved silk gown; the fine old lace around the neck and edging the sleeves; her sweetly staid poise; the calm expression of her eyes—these set her apart from her neighbors, intangibly but undeniably.

She had brought a bit of crocheting; Mrs. Penfield got out her sewing; Jerry Winston nervously proffered some reminiscences of the Oregon woods—in the interests of pillow tops; Lettie was quietly cutting pictures out of an old Weatherstone magazine. Conditions were ideal for the congenial confab when like a bolt out of the blue, word came that Mrs. Enslow's baby had been taken ill. Would Mrs. Penfield come at once? Of course she would.

"You entertain Miss Hapgood," she reminded her household, with a parting wave of her hand. "I'll come back as soon's I can."

No one knew upon whom the mantle of hospitality had fallen. Uncle Jerry became more communicative about trees and out-of-doors, strangely easier now that his niece was gone. Lettie, however, understood that the honors were hers. When Penzie was away, surely she was the next hostess in line. She put aside her pictures and directed her mental energy to the question of hospitality.

"Talking ain't much good," she said to herself, watching Uncle Jerry, who was expatiating on the value of Oregon pine. "We'd oughter feed her. Folks don't think they've had a good time to your house 'less they've et." This decision was cemented by the fact that Miss Hapgood had treated Crink and Lettie to cake a few days before. "I gotta feed her some'p'n. I just gotta." She sprang to her feet and stole into the kitchen.

She stood for some time, thinking. Without looking, she knew there were no treats available in the cupboard; neither was it permissible to take self-help liberties between meals. She would have to begin at the beginning.

Crink was on the back steps, whittling pieces of wood which would some time, with a slight infusion of imagination, be put together as a steamboat. Lettie approached him with utmost ingratiation.

"Got any money, Crink?" she inquired gently.

"Well—er—why you wanter know?" He looked up in shrewd caution. The fact was that he had money; and although individuals have had more, none ever felt greater responsibility. Since he had been paid in cash by Mr. Drake, Mrs. Penfield had presented him with an old purse and had allowed him to carry in it a sum never exceeding twenty cents, usually in as small change as provided by the United States treasury. The very loosest of this loose change he could spend without supervision up to and including ten cents a week; larger investments were subject to decision in conference. Crink's pride had reached dangerous proportions. He was even glad that the purse was old; it looked more as though his financial experience reached gratifyingly into the past. Moreover, by keeping the inside pocket of the purse stuffed with chips from the kitchen woodpile, he was able to give the impression of abundant resources beyond the amount which he chose to spend at the moment.

"Let me have some money, Crink," Lettie begged. "I need it awful, and I know you're 'most a rich man."

He was flattered, but not wholly overcome. "What do you want it for?"

She told him. "And we've gotta be-horspitle, Crink. Penzie said to be, and it's a good chance to make her happy."

After considerable persuasion, Crink's will became enfeebled, and he handed over two cents, to match the two which Lettie had already admitted she possessed.

"Glory be!" triumphed Lettie. "Crink, you're all to the good. Now

"Glory Be!" Triumphed Lettie.

you just run down to the store and get four cents' worth of their best popping corn, and I'll—"

(To be continued)

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 141
Residence Telephone 1016

Saturday, March 31, 1923

The weather bureau officially pronounces all rain-making schemes that have yet been proposed or that can be proposed as "entirely futile." But the pronouncement will suppress neither the imaginative inventors nor the predatory exploiters of some of them.

Boston has reduced the price of anthracite coal to $15 a ton for all sizes above pea. In Newport it is still $16.75 a ton. Pea coal in Boston is $13 a ton, here it is $14.75. There would see to be no good reason why coal should be higher here than it is in Boston.

Protestantism in Europe is said to be rapidly coming to a standstill and unless there is a change soon it may perish entirely. The churches in Germany are said to be the worst sufferers, although those in Austria, Italy, France and Belgium are in great need of assistance.

Some few radicals and malcontents nominally Republicans, are trying to get the rabid Senator Borah of Idaho to head the new party for 1924. It would not require much urging if the Senator thought there was a chance to win. The Idaho Senator is a man who is going to be on the winning side if he can discover in season which side that is.

The strike on the various railroads of the country in 1922 will, it is claimed, cause suits for damages amounting to two million dollars. An official of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road stated a day or two ago that the labor trouble up to February 1st had cost that road $2,537,507, that the Company had already been asked to pay $445,000 for damaged produce. Strikes are expensive, and no one, not even the strikers, is the gainer.

Senator Nicholson of Colorado, a Republican, has just died. The governor of that state, being a Democrat, will appoint a Democratic successor. This will reduce the party majority in the next Congress to eight. In that eight will be Lafollette, Borah, Johnson & Co., men who are Republicans only in name. It is said that there are men enough of their stripe in the next senate to control it at any time. It will be well for the people to be prepared for any kind of wild cat legislation from the next Congress.

The acting Secretary of the Treasury says there are more than $80,000,000 of the Victory notes called for redemption last December still out and that the holders have already lost more than a million dollars in interest. They are losing, he says, at the rate of $10,000 a day. There are $820,000,000 more Victory notes outstanding which mature May 20. These the Government is anxious to redeem as soon as they can be had. The interest on these latter bonds will stop on May 20. Better look up and see how many you have and get them ready for Uncle Sam's paymasters.

The senate of Rhode Island is a hard working body. Here is the record of last week: Tuesday in session twenty-one minutes, Wednesday twelve minutes, Thursday twenty-three minutes, and Friday twenty minutes; in all, for the entire week, one hour and sixteen minutes. Can you beat it? That week's work on the part of the senate cost the state not less than $1500 for salary and mileage of the members, to say nothing about clerks, pages, etc. Rather expensive hour's work. But then there is this to offset, the less time our lawmakers are in session the less harm can be done.

Democratic candidates for President in 1924 are beginning to loom up. The number is increasing daily. Among those "mentioned" thus far may be named: William Jennings Bryan, the perpetual candidate; ex-Governor Cox, the two years ago candidate; and ex-President Wilson, who it is said has ambitions to try once more to reform the country. These three, at this writing, stand in the foreground of patient waiters. To these may be added Samuel Rawson, governor of Indiana; Senator Oscar Underwood, of Alabama; Gov. Al Smith, governor of New York; Gov. Davis of Kansas; and Gov. Davis of West Virginia; also Gov. Donahey of Ohio. In this list must also be remembered Son-in-law McAdoo, who has a good-sized machine already at work; and last of all, but not least, Henry Ford, Detroit auto king. This will do for the present, there are more to follow as time wears on and the chances of success look any ways favorable. On the Republican side, President Harding has so far distanced his would be opponents that they may not appear in the field. As things look now, it will be of little use for any other candidate to throw his hat into the ring.

DON'T KNOW WHEN TO CELEBRATE

When was New York founded? Nobody seems to know. New York wants to celebrate but don't know when to do it. Just now the denizens of that bailiwick are getting a good deal of advice on the subject. The city had its arrangements well under way for a huge commemoration of the 300th anniversary of its founding when, quite irreverently, but nevertheless relevantly, some curious bystander ventured to ask: "By the way, when was Manhattan founded, anyhow?"

And nobody knew! The doctors differed, and not by a few days but by several years. In 1610 said some of the experts, in 1614 said others and yet others declared for 1623 and 1626. When scholars—antiquarians and historians—fall out, who shall decide the point? Did the Dutch traders found the city? Or the builders of Fort Manhattan? Or the Dutch West India Company? Or the builders of Fort Amsterdam?

New York is going to celebrate anyhow, and the latest information is that she will cover all the dates mentioned, so as not to miss the right one. It is possible that that is why all these vessels laden with "goods" contraband under the Volstead act have been hovering off the coast all winter. They want to be ready for any emergency.

During the last few days, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke have been in the city, looking over the changes and improvements at "Rough Point," and the Princess de Braganza has inspected the changes at her property, "The Moorings". The new residence for Mr. Ferdinand Frazier Jelke on the Ocean Drive is making good progress and will be ready for occupancy in the early summer. There have already been several rentals for the season of 1923, and as soon as the weather becomes a little more springlike, there will probably be a sudden influx of cottage hunters. It looks like a good season for Newport.

French physicians are said to have discovered a cure for sleeping sickness in the form of a compound known as hexamethylenetetramine. Perhaps the stuff is effective, but the use of the name in itself ought to be enough. Repeating "hexamethylenetetramine" twenty times in a firm and resolute voice at two-hour intervals ought to keep anyone awake indefinitely.—Providence Journal.

On the contrary, we should think the person attempting to pronounce the name would be asleep before the first pronunciation was completed.

A prominent New York bank calls Rhode Island the "Jeweler to the Nation." It further says: "Residents of the smallest state in the Union have much to be proud of, for Rhode Island excels all in per capita industrial output. She produces one-fourth of all the nation's jewelry. She ranks fifth in cotton textiles, third in woolens and sixth in silk. Her manufactured products were valued at $747,323,000 at the last census."

During the month of February 254,415 automobiles were built in this country, the largest output in history. The registration of motor vehicles in 1922 amounted to 12,238,375. In 1916 the registration was 3,500,000. Probably no industry in this country has grown in the last few years like automobile making. Seven-eighths of all the autos in the world are in the United States, and more than one-half of that number are Fords.

Next Sunday will be Easter, which comes this year rather earlier than usual. There will be special services in all the churches, and special music has been in rehearsal for some time. The weather has been very far from what is typical at the Easter season, and the weather bureau holds out little hope for any substantial improvement on Sunday so it is probable that few new spring costumes will be seen.

President-Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard College is now in his 90th year. He is still in vigorous health and active in all affairs of moment to this country. When we consider that he was born in President Jackson's administration, we conclude that the venerable educator has seen something of this country's growth and history.

The population of London was on December 1st 6,891,419, that of New York in 1920 was given as 5,621,151. London is still over a million ahead. It should be borne in mind, however, that London has reached out and taken in more of the surrounding territory than has New York.

Holland, although a wet country, is preparing to go "dry." Such is the Associated Press report. The native Hollander loves his gin and his schnapps too well to give them up without many regrets, and possible struggle.

"Twenty-one Columbia seniors admit that they have never kissed a girl," so says the New York Times. What a useless lot of boys they must have at Columbia!

St. George's School has re-opened after the spring vacation.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Thirteen of the fifteen weeks in which the members can draw pay and mileage have come to an end and not a single act of state wide importance has yet become a law. It looks as though that august body would have to do a little overtime work if they hope or expect to accomplish anything this winter. The hopes of accomplishing anything if they remain in session all summer are so very slight that they might as well adjourn and go home when pay stops.

In the senate the Lieutenant-Governor seems to be the whole thing. He entertains motions when he pleases, lets only those speak who speak to his liking, orders members to take their seats, and when they don't obey promptly sends the sheriff to "seat" them, orders the doors of the senate chamber locked so no member can go out without his "written permission." On the whole, the senate proceedings this week, as in many former weeks, have been little better than a farce, and belittling to the good name of the state.

The senate on Tuesday refused to take from the committee the 48-hour law, the mothers' bill, and received several measures of minor importance. Wednesday from 2.24 to 9.53 the time of the senate was taken in trying to approve the records of the day before, to which the Lieutenant Governor objected. The senate finally adjourned, leaving the job unfinished. In the house numerous acts and resolutions were reported from committees, this being the last day for such reports. Many of the bills were referred back. Nothing of a public nature was acted upon. Wednesday the committee reported favorably the resolution appropriating $400,000 for new building at the R. I. State College, also one making an appropriation for repairs at Newport jail; numerous other bills of minor importance were reported, and many of them referred back to the committees. The house on Wednesday passed Representative Lawton's bill to repeal the so-called Sherwood dry act passed last session, by a vote of 46 to 42. At the same time the amendment which was passed refers the matter of repeal to a vote of the people in November, 1924.

Thursday in Grand Committee George W. Greene of North Smithfield was elected Justice of the Superior Court by a vote of 87 to 67 for John J. Cooney, the Democratic candidate. The Republican candidate for Judge of the Eleventh District Court was elected by a vote of 68 to 66 for his Democratic opponent.

No business of importance was transacted in either body. Senator Peckham of Middletown was the storm center by refusing to call the committee on special legislation together to consider and report the several Democratic constitutional amendments before the committee, that being the last day the committee could report except by unanimous consent. Both houses adjourned over Good Friday.

One of the perpetual claims that have been coming up before the General Assembly for the last ten years with substantial regularity is that of Frederick E. Shaw for work done on the state pier in Providence in 1912. He first asked for $25,000; later it was increased to $70,000. Each year the claim was thrown out by the General Assembly, on the ground that Shaw had been paid full agreed upon price. This year he comes before the Assembly asking for authority to sue the state. The joint committee on accounts and claims after a hearing unanimously voted to indefinitely postpone the request.

A judge out in Ohio pronounced a unique verdict on a criminal found by the jury guilty of murder in the first degree. He gave him the choice of going to prison for life or being electrocuted. The prisoner thought at first that he would take the death penalty, but after reflection he concluded to try the life sentence, probably with the hope of being pardoned after a few years.

WEEKLY CALENDAR APRIL 1923

STANDARD TIME.

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	Hig Wate Morn	Hig Wate Eve
M	26	5 31	6 10	5 01	6 29	6 50
T	27	5 30	6 11	6 01	7 17	7 29
W	28	5 27	6 12	7 10	8 01	8 24
Th	29	5 26	6 13	8 02	8 55	9 19
F	30	5 24	6 14	9 12	9 43	10 10
S	31	5 22	6 15	10 17	10 6	11 04
S	1	5 20	6 15	Morn	11 56	

Full moon, April 1, 8.11 morning
Last quarter, April 8, 9.24 morning
New moon, April 16, 1.29 morning
First quarter, April 21, 9.21 morning
New moon, April 30, 4.31 evening

Deaths.

In Middletown, March 23, Arnold James in his 87th year.

In this city, 25th inst., Elmira S., wife of Charles H. Mally, aged 54 years.

In this city, 28th inst., Catherine A., daughter of Byron J. and Ellen A. Hathaway.

In this city, March 27th, William P. Dawley in his 86th year.

In this city March 23 Annie L., daughter of Annie W. and the late Michael Wrenn.

In this city, 23th inst., James D. Sullivan.

Suddenly, March 29th, Thomas Francis Keough, Portsmouth R. I.

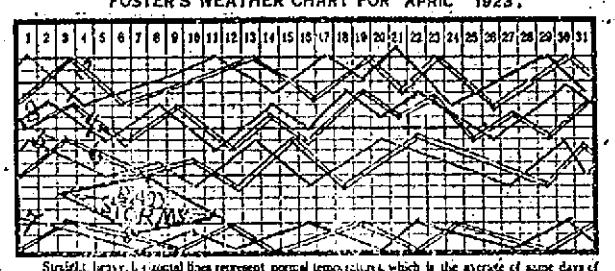
In Middletown, 27th inst., suddenly, Rhoda A., daughter of the late Andrew and Ann E. (Coggeshall) Chase.

In Middletown, R. I., 26th inst., Lenice Lurenda, widow of P. Martin Conley, in her 75th year.

At St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, 26th inst., Ellen F. Herrick, late of St. Mary's Rectory, Newport.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR APRIL 1923.



Straight lines, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of some days of the year for forty years. Crooked lines above normal lines mean warmer; below, cooler; that marked 1 is for section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—2 for section 2 on my section map is for east of meridian 90, north of latitude 47—3, between latitudes 39 and 47 and between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—4 east of meridian 90, between latitudes 39 and 47—5, south of latitude 39, between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—6, west of meridian 90, south of latitude 39—7, north of latitude 43½, west of Rockies crest—8, south of latitude 43½ to Mexican line and west of Rockies crest.

Washington, March 31, 1923. The important seasonal crop weather changes from winter to summer are not regular; Bigelow gave them as April 20. For this year the principal storms of the month come during the week centering on April 7 and I expect the crop weather change to begin to take effect as those storms clear away. Last twelve days of the month will average more quiet than usual. No such crop season has occurred in twenty years as that just ahead, but a little further back I have records of a number that were similar. Of recent months the Atlantic States have been hogging the moisture. That was because the moisture came from the Caribbean Sea south of the Atlantic States. The old belief was that one extreme follows another; but it does not always work that way. I am sure that North America will not produce as much grain in 1923 as it did in 1922 and that one very important crop will fall very far short.

Section 1: North of 47, between 90 and Rockies crest; normal temperatures near April 8, highest 11 and 17, lowest 14; average warmer than usual; most severe storms of the month and most moisture of the month during week centering on 8.

Sec. 2: North of 47, east of 90; normal temperatures near April 10, highest 13 and 19, lowest 16; most severe storms of the month and most rains of the month during week centering on 10.

Sec. 3: Between 39 and 47 and between 90 and Rockies crest; highest temperatures near April 8 and 14, lowest 11 and 16; average a little above normal; most severe storms of the month and most rain of the month during the week centering on April 7.

Sec. 4: East of 90, between latitude 39 and 47; lowest temperatures near April 6 and 12, highest 9 and 14; average near normal; most severe storms of the month and most rain of the month during the week centering on April 7.

Sec. 5: South of 39, between 90 and Rockies crest; highest temperatures near April 8 and 13, lowest 10 and 16; average warmer than usual; very warm near 13; most severe storms of the month and most rain of the month during week centering on April 13.

Sec. 6: South of 39, east of 90; highest temperatures near April 10 and 14, lowest 12 and 18; average warmer than usual; very warm near 15; most severe storms of the month and most moisture of the month during the week centering on April 16.

Sec. 7: North of 43½, west of Rockies crest; lowest temperatures near April 7 and 12, highest 10 and 16; average unusually cold; most severe storms of the month and most rains of the month during the week centering on April 7.

Sec. 8: South of 43½ to Mexican line, west of Rockies crest; lowest temperatures near April 8 and 13, highest 11 and 17; average unusually cold; most severe storms of the month and most moisture of the month during the week centering on April 8.

About April 7 the earth passes between the sun and Saturn; latter is the only planet of our solar system having rings; they are of different shades of light, some very dark and supposed to be made up of carbon, which, if condensed, would be similar to our coal. You can see the rings of Saturn or the moons of Jupiter by the aid of a good opera glass. Jupiter and Saturn are in favorable position for observation from 10 to 2 at night. About sunrise Venus is the most conspicuous object in the skies and has the shape of a half moon. Those three planets are responsible for the bad weather of February and March last.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

MARKET WHIST HELD.

A very successful market whist and dance was held last Monday evening in Mohegan Hall under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty.

Mrs. Vincent Stetson, Miss Lucille Stetson, Master Billy Stetson and Mrs. Ernest Johnson of Colchester, Vermont are visiting Mrs. Stetson's sister, Mrs. Ella Lockwood at her home on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Holton and Mr. Lee Cass have gone to the Mainland for the Easter vacation.

William P. Lewis and Oliver C. Rose have returned to the Island after spending a week in Providence and Boston.

The Atlantic Radio Club which comprises several local radio fans are negotiating for a license to establish a broadcasting station on Block Island. According to the plans already matured a program of music with a lecture on "Block Island as a Resort" will be broadcasted once in two weeks. This course has been pursued in Havana and Porto Rico with wonderful results in attracting tourists during the past year.

EASTER SERVICES.

Special Easter services will be held at both the First Baptist and Center Methodist Churches on Sunday morning. The Easter concerts by the young people will be held in the evening.

ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday evening a vaudeville entertainment by the Sunshine League will be given at the Center Church at 7.30 P. M. The program will include several one-act sketches and a number of musical numbers.

One year ago today Thomas E. Sherman, a well known and much respected citizen of Newport, died at the Newport Hospital after an operation. One year ago yesterday, George Gordon King, one of Newport's liberal benefactors, and a gentleman much esteemed by all who knew him, died in New York.

TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM

The undersigned wishes to give notice that he will take legal means of collecting all unpaid taxes for the years 1921 and 1922, unless same are paid on or before March 5, 1923.

LESLIE H. DODGE,
Tax Collector

HOT TALK FROM A BROTHER DEMOCRAT

Senator Cole, the Democratic state senator from Warren, does not approve of the action of his party in the state senate, nor of its presiding genius in the person of the Lieutenant-Governor. He tells the Providence Journal:

"The Democratic party has made the mistake of its life. As far as I am concerned, I am standing on the Democratic platform for legislation from beginning to end, but the tactics displayed by said party for the last two or three weeks, and particularly today, have antagonized the best interests and the best feeling that the party has conserved since the last election.

"Measures to which I am personally opposed, having no partisan interest whatever, have brought down the vials of wrath on my head for the last time. I cannot stand for autocracy or czarism in the rule of the senate. The conduct of the senate by the presiding officer should be condemned by even the members of his own party.

"The fact that no one can speak in the senate unless he allows them the privilege of the floor and a latitude which all parliamentary usage absolutely condemns is not only out of character with the presiding officer, but in absolute contradiction to the fact that he who stands in that place is not only the presiding officer but the Lieutenant Governor of the state without respect to either party."

AN EDUCATION PROPOSAL

(Providence Journal)

There is no good purpose behind the Lamarre-Belhumeur Education bill now before the General Assembly. There is no good reason for its presentation and there is no sound reason why it should receive the support of citizens who are interested in the cause of American education.

Whether the American child is educated in the public or private school, he should be taught in one language, the language of the Declaration of Independence, the language of the Constitution and the language in which are written the laws of the State of Rhode Island.

There is no justification, either, for any attempt to give to local school committees the authority to approve private schools. That authority should rest with the State Board of Education, if the standards of education in this State are to be observed by all communities.

The Lamarre-Belhumeur bill must be killed if education in this state is to continue under the state. Local school committees should have nothing to do with approving or disapproving private schools in this state. That subject properly comes within the jurisdiction of the State Board of Education and there is no good reason why it should not be kept there.

This will go down in history as a long, hard, disagreeable winter. "Authorities" differ as to the number of snow storms we have had, but all agree that the number has been around thirty. A few more or a few less does not matter. We certainly have had enough, and, if it is all the same, they need not send us any more this season.

If the past winter has not seen an unusual amount of land filled in with clinker and ash the coal barons are not to blame.—Boston Herald.

SAMUEL L. PECK

In the death of Samuel L. Peck of Warren the state loses another of its old time good citizens. Mr. Peck had been for many years prominent in state affairs. He had been a member of the General Assembly from Warren for some fifteen years, a member of the Republican State Central Committee for many years, assessor of taxes for Warren for many years. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1904. He was a native of Warren, was born there December 17, 1845. Mr. Peck was well known and much respected in Newport. All his life he was a frequent and welcome visitor to our city.

FROM NEW YORK TO NEWPORT

(Providence Journal)

There seems to be no doubt that the promised New York-to-Newport air service will be in operation this summer. Formal announcement is made that luxuriously equipped "flying yachts" will be in commission, probably in June, making week-end trips between the two cities and covering the distance in ninety minutes, instead of the 6½ hours required by the combined rail and boat journey.

Enough experimental air trips between New York and Newport have been made to show that the aerial journey can be accomplished in the time mentioned. Whether this time can be adhered to on a regular schedule remains to be seen. Meanwhile the great majority of travellers will stick to the surface of the earth, persuaded by the lesser expense if by no other consideration.

The roads of this state, and of every Northern state as well, have suffered more this winter than in any former winter since we began road building. Many of the roads in Massachusetts are impassable, and many in Rhode Island are in no better condition. On one short piece of road near Warren some eighty machines were stalled in one day last week. But New England is not alone. It is estimated that it will cost the city of New York ten million dollars to repair the winter's damage in that city.

The Catholics in the United States, according to the latest official figures, number 18,260,783. This is an increase over last year of 181,939. The greatest growth has been in the states of Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan and Missouri. There are said to be 1,922,420 scholars in the Catholic schools of this country, of which number there are 8,778 young men studying for the priesthood.

At Channing Memorial Church on Easter afternoon there will be a presentation of the "Consecration of Sir Galahad." Elaborate costumes have been prepared for those who will participate, and the service will be an impressive one.

Tomorrow, April 1st, Easter Sunday, sees the days lengthened 3 hours and 36 minutes. The sun rises tomorrow at 5.29 and sets at 6.11. The days are 12 hours and 42 minutes long. Full moon tomorrow at 3.11 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle K. Peckham are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Frances Aline, at the Newport Hospital on Palm Sunday. Mrs. Peckham was formerly Miss Ruth D. Gifford.

Mr. Frank P. Gomes quietly observed his eighty-fourth birthday at his home on Charles street on Thursday. A number of friends called upon him informally during the day.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Seabury are expected to arrive in Newport next week, having started back from Florida, where they spent the winter.

Anthropologists of standing think it is possible that the fossil human bones found near Dallas, Tex., are a million years old, which would mean the oldest yet. Laymen from Missouri and other states meanwhile will think of the Cardiff giant as they wait for the doctors to agree.

Pure Anglo-Saxon Word.

One use of the word "welkin" in modern English is the phrase "the welkin" rings. The word is a good middle English one for sky or clouds; it is more commonly spelled welkas. The Anglo-Saxon word was "wolenn." There is supposed to be a connection between "welkin" and Anglo-Saxon "wealcan," to roll, but this has not been proved.

Child of Old Age Favored.

Careful research is said to have established the fact that the child of a father over fifty years of age has ten times as good a chance of becoming eminent as he would have if his father were a young man.

Neither Is Satisfied

Tell a woman she looks like some other woman and the chances are you make two women mad, the one you say it to and the one you say it about.—Boston Transcript.

Fact Has Been Observed.

"De man dat shouts de loudest at a camp meetin'" said Uncle Eben, "often loses his voice by de time anybody asks him for a subscription to build a church."

Daily Thought.

Nothing [illegible] but search will find it out.—Herrick.

To its Customers

The Newport Electric Corporation makes an announcement of interest

IF you are a customer of the Newport Electric Corporation, you are getting, we believe, light, power, and street railway service that meets with your requirements and your approval.

We claim for ourselves neither perfection nor extraordinary efficiency. We honestly feel, however, that about all that can be done in the way of enthusiastic and untiring work in the cause of good service is being done in your behalf.

The reliable service available to you has become, perhaps, so much a part of your routine daily life that the steady and substantial growth of the Company that gives you this service has passed unnoticed.

This growth and the sound and efficient service-giving and dividend-earning position into which the Company has grown, is now perhaps worthy of your active notice because of an announcement we shall make to our customers on March 30th.

Because of the opportunity that will then be offered to our customers many of them will be interested to know more of the organization and the work it is doing.

SCOPE OF COMPANY'S SERVICE

The Newport Electric Corporation was for many years operated as a small and isolated part of a large property and hence did not receive the careful attention it is receiving today. Two years ago the present directing management took charge and since that time improvement has come rapidly. The electric service has been improved, the interurban property put in first-class order and railway, light and power rates voluntarily reduced.

The Company supplies electric light and power to the city of Newport and the towns of Middletown, Portsmouth and Jamestown.

The territory served by the Company is compact and contains a population of approximately 45,000. In this territory the Company served on January 1, 1923, 6599 electric customers—a gain of 16% over Jan. 1, 1922.

The Company's record is open and honorable. Through the disturbing conditions of the war and the ups and downs of Deflation the Company has paid its bills and has given its employees fair wages and fair treatment. It has paid the interest on its bonds and notes and the dividends on its preferred stock.

COMPANY OWNS MUCH PROPERTY

The Company owns a considerable amount of physical property:

1. A steam turbine power station at Newport of approximately 4,000 horse power capacity.

2. A steam engine power station at Portsmouth of approximately 1,500 horse power capacity.

3. The street railway in Newport, with approximately 4½ miles of track.

4. The interurban line from Newport to the city limits of Fall River.

The property of the Company is in good condition—over $150,000 was spent last year on maintenance, renewals and replacements.

These improvements included the installation of underfeedstokers under two of the boilers of the Newport station, the purchase of a welding machine and rail grinder, and the installation of three new switches on the interurban and approximately one-half mile of new rails and ties. Over 10,000 ties were renewed.

For extensions and betterments, $103,931 was expended last year.

The property of the Company is carried on its books at over $2,100,000.

Such a sound position as the Newport Electric Corporation has now reached, has come to a considerable extent because the Company has always tried and always will try to give its customers courteous, continuous and efficient service.

POWER ATTRACTS INDUSTRIES

The people of the city and towns served by the Company get more, however, than merely good electric service with all that such service adds to business and household efficiency. They get even more than the advantages of good electric service and good transportation in attracting summer visitors.

They obtain the industrial advantage that accrues to any town which has a strong power company, ready to furnish any reasonable amount of electric energy at any time to any manufacturer who is looking for a place to locate a new plant. This means much to the industrial future of the communities we serve.

Manufacturers are more and more turning to towns which have strong power companies when they locate new plants or move old ones. If the communities are moderate in size, so much the better for the manufacturer, because operating costs are generally lower in small centers than in the very large cities.

Many communities which for years just comfortably held their own have taken on new life, growth and prosperity, because of a strong electric company.

Any industry in any of the communities we serve can secure and be assured an unlimited supply of electric power, at any and all times, at a fair price.

What this means to the future of Newport and the other towns served by the Company is clear to every customer. What the growth of Newport and surrounding towns means to the Company is equally evident.

So it happens that the interest of the Company and the interests of the people it serves are mutual. Both profit most by working for the upbuilding of the territory.

The Company now contemplates a further mutualizing of the interests and another forward step in the direction of even better and more friendly public relations.

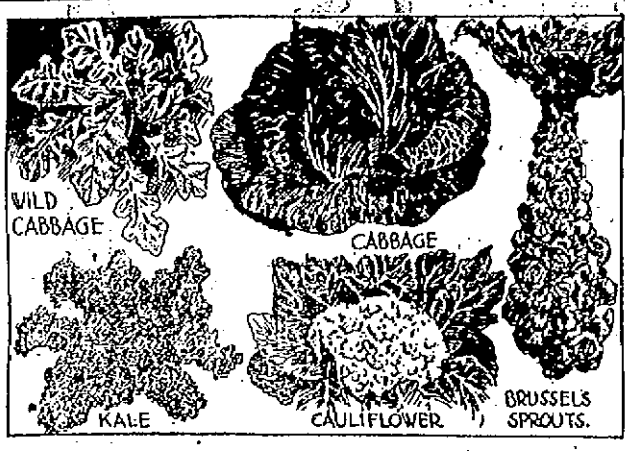
It is working on plans which will make it possible for the customers and employees of the Company to share on favorable terms in both its ownership and earnings.

You will be interested, we feel sure, in an announcement which we shall make March 30th in a letter to our customers.

Newport Electric Corporation

Your mail of March 30th will contain
a partnership offer

The Cottage Gardener



—National Garden Bureau.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Kale, Brussels Sprouts and Kohlrabi Are Among the Cottage Garden Favorites. These Popular Vegetables Are Usually Given Good Position.

SHOULD FERTILIZE TO GET GOOD CROP

Stable Manure, Soil Building Crops, or Commercial Fertilizer Necessary.

Most farmers can spare enough manure from their other crops to fertilize properly a one-fourth acre garden plot, but in some sections, especially near towns, manure is no longer to be had in quantity and other means must be found for fertilizing garden soils. In brief, states the United States Department of Agriculture, at least three methods of adding fertility to the soil. First, by the application of manure; second, by the use of soil building crops, and, third, by commercial fertilizers. No one method is as good as any two or the three combined, and if we are to get the best results from the use of commercial fertilizer a reasonable amount of manure or organic matter must be in the soil.

The amount of manure required will depend entirely upon the soil itself, but very few cases are found where the use of manure on gardens is being overdone. The same might be said about the turning under of manure crops or soil building crops. Even the weeds that grow upon the surface during the late summer, aside from their seeds, are often valuable for working into the soil. The method of applying the manure will also depend upon local conditions, but as a rule manure that has been piled and thoroughly composted will give better results than that which is in the raw state.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the compost pile by means of which equal parts of manure and soil or sods, which are even better are piled to rot. This compost heap should be turned once or twice during the winter months and the material applied to the garden as a top dressing during the spring. Ten tons of this kind of material will not be too much for

Intensive Fertilization.

the ordinary one-fourth acre garden.

Commercial fertilizers are used for adding plant food to the garden and give best results when used in conjunction with stable manure or compost. Commercial gardeners often use as much as 4,000 pounds to the acre for special crops like celery, but generally speaking 400 or 500 pounds of a fertilizer containing 3 or 4 per cent nitrogen, 8 per cent phosphoric acid and 2 to 4 per cent potash, will be all that is needed on a one-fourth-acre garden. Fertilizers should be used most heavily on corn, potatoes, cabbage and the root crops and more lightly on beans, peas and tomatoes.

SHARP TOOLS

The majority of gardeners enjoy the task more when the tools are sharp. File the edge of your hoes and spades before time to work in the open.

Spotting a Future Politician.

I observe a group of small boys in a West End street. One had been annoying another who was a little bigger. Finally the bigger boy chased the smaller one, who ran for protection to the biggest boy in the group.

The smaller boy obviously deserved chastisement, but his pursuer was much stronger than he was. The biggest boy thought it over a moment, then rendered judgment: "No hard hittings!"

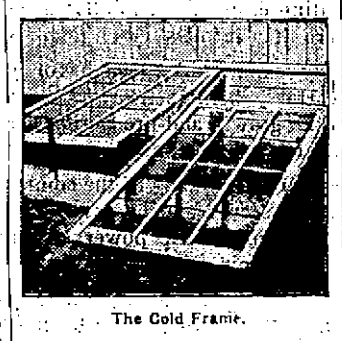
There's a boy who is going to be a judge or a political boss some day.—Boston Post.

TO BUILD HOTBED AND A COLD FRAME

Pit With Fresh Manure Required for One; No Artificial Heat for Other.

Window boxes will serve for starting early plants for the very small garden, but where a considerable number of tomato, cabbage and other plants of this character are wanted, it is a good plan to make a small hotbed and later a cold frame for the care of the plants. Hotbeds may be constructed in two or three ways, points out the United States Department of Agriculture. One way is to dig out a pit, which is either walled up with brick, cement or with boards, and fill this pit with eight to fourteen inches of fresh horse manure to supply the heat; over the manure is placed five or six inches of fine loam soil, and over this a sash or a heavy muslin cover to keep out the cold.

Another method is to build a small flue underneath the hotbed and provide heat by burning wood or some



The Cold Frame.

other kind of fuel in this flue. In a few cases where the hotbed can be located along one side of the house it can be heated with hot water from the hot water heating plant of the dwelling. Oil heaters are sometimes used for heating hotbeds, but in case these are used, or if gas is employed, a pipe or ventilation should be attached to the heater, so that the gases formed by the combustion of the fuel do not get into the hotbed. The simplest and best hotbed is the one attached to the dwelling and heated from the furnace or hot water heater of the dwelling.

In making up a manure-heated hotbed it is desirable to secure the manure about two weeks in advance of the time that it is needed, pile it in a rather flat pile and turn it over a time or two to start it heating uniformly. In placing it in the hotbed pit it should not be thrown in large masses, but shaken out uniformly and then tramped so as to form a compact bed, covering the entire space. If the manure is very dry a little water should be added, so that it will produce heat without becoming fanged or burnt. The soil should be put over the manure immediately, but no seeds should be sown for a few days, as the temperature of the bed is liable to run very high in from three to five days after the bed is made. The best method is to bury the bulb of the thermometer about three inches deep in the soil and note the temperature from time to time, not planting any seeds until after the temperature has fallen below 85 degrees. A hotbed, like the plant box, requires especial care in watering; if too much water is applied the small plants are almost certain to "damp off" at the surface of the ground. Ventilation is also very important, and while the cover should not be left off when the plants would become chilled or be badly blown by the wind, yet proper ventilation insures sturdy plants and in a measure prevents damping.

Cold frames are just like hotbeds, except that no heat is provided. The object of the cold frame is to provide space for transplanting the plants grown in a window box or in a hotbed. A combination of window box and cold frame is a good thing on account of the difficulty in providing heat for the hotbed. The plants can be started in the window box and, by transplanting into the cold frame and keeping it thoroughly covered with old carpet, mat-

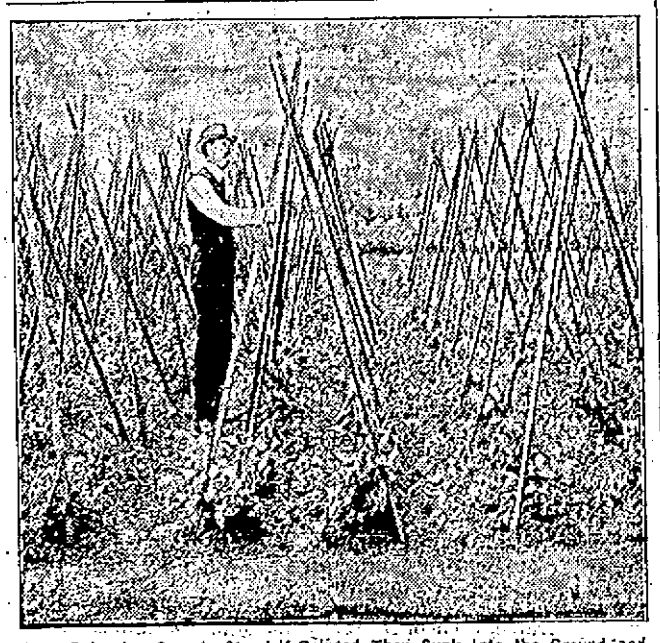
Thought for the Day.

If you are liberal in your views, some say you have no convictions; if you are narrow, others say you have no sense.

Power of Philosophy.

Philosophy can bake us no bread; but she can procure for us God, freedom and immortality.—Novalis.

The Cottage Gardener



Bean Poles Are Sure to Stand If Pointed Then Sunk Into the Ground and Tied at the Top With Heavy Twine. This Scheme Is Suitable for Any of the Climbing Varieties.

VINES ADD BEAUTY TO SURROUNDINGS

Climbers Make the Home Attractive—Do Not Injure Walls—May Use Trellis.

The impression that vines are injurious to the walls of a house, making them damp or causing woodwork to rot, is erroneous, says the United States Department of Agriculture. On brick and stone buildings some of the clinging vines are most appropriate and attractive in completing the

Vines Beautify Porch.

charm of the home surroundings. On a wooden house the vines should not be permitted to become so thick that they prevent proper ventilation and timely painting, but hot sunshine is very destructive to paint, and the shade of vines helps to preserve it.

There are several devices for growing vines so as to permit removing them from the woodwork when it is necessary to paint the house. A trellis can be made with hinges near the ground, or a chicken wire placed over hooks at the highest point, so that it may be taken down, vines and all. Another type of trellis can be made of chicken wire on a pipe frame, which will keep vines entirely away from woodwork. Vines are also appropriate on fences, arbors, pergolas or summer houses.

CHOICE FLOWERS TO PLANT

Splendid Assortment of Posies That Are Easy to Grow Under Ordinary Conditions.

Easiest to cultivate under ordinary garden conditions are the following flowers, says the United States Department of Agriculture. In choosing any of these for a bed or a border, it is well to note the usual growing heights: Sunflower, where a plant over four feet is wanted; Joseph's coat, love-lies-bleeding, heliopsis, and prince's feather, for a three-foot effect; cornflower, strawflower and zinnia, growing about thirty inches high; about twenty-four inches, calliopsis, summer chrysanthemum, coneflower, gaillardia, marigold, poppy, and snow-on-the-mountain; about eighteen inches, mignonette; about twelve inches, Cape marigold, calendula, California poppy, balsam, candytuft, petunia, Drummond phlox, pink, dwarf nasturtium, portulaca, and sweet alyssum.

LOCATION OF THE GARDEN

The garden should be located in full sun wherever possible and this factor should receive first consideration when the location of the plot is being selected.

Call for Much Wood.

Of more than 50 wood-using industries in this country, matches and toothpicks together hold sixteenth place in amount of wood consumed.

Human Failing.

We oftener say things because we can say them well than because they are sound and reasonable.—Landor.

PLANTS GROWN IN POTS ARE THRIFTY

Vegetable or Flowering Stalks Should Be Transferred Several Times.

Pot-grown plants, vegetable or flowering plants, first started in the flats then transferred to small pots, then to larger ones, give the best satisfaction, and afford a sturdy plant that can be set into the open ground when the time comes.

There is a knack in the handling of plants for the pot-grown variety, but it is not difficult to grow them and the satisfaction obtained, as well as the pleasure, is most gratifying.

The pots for growing such plants do not have to be of the store kind. Paper pots can be made at home; old cans, round oatmeal cartons, and the like, serve the purpose well.

The soil preparation should be about the same kind as in the flats, with coarser soil, pebbles, broken flower pots and such, to afford drainage; an opening at the bottom of each being necessary.

Plants grown in this manner are more easy to handle when they are transferred to the open; the roots need not be disturbed, if removed when the soil is slightly damp. This will be advantageous to the plant, and it will immediately take hold.

The transferring process should be begun with the stronger plants in the flats when they are about one inch high. Select the best plants for transplanting. The flat should be

The Pot-Grown Plant.

watered well before the plants are removed, thus allowing dirt to cling to the roots, which should not be torn or cut, if possible to remove them intact.

PRUNE THE TREES AND VINES

Trimming and Spraying Only Sure Way to Obtain Good Crops Free From Disease.

Fruit trees and vines must be pruned, as well as sprayed, at the proper time. Growers cannot hope to obtain fruit from trees and vines that are neglected in this respect—and such treatment is necessary every year.

The early springtime is regarded as the best time to do this job, which should be done with the greatest of care, to save injury to the trees and vines.

If one is not experienced in the art, it would be well to get information from someone who knows; otherwise a valuable tree or vine may be ruined, or put out of possible bearing.

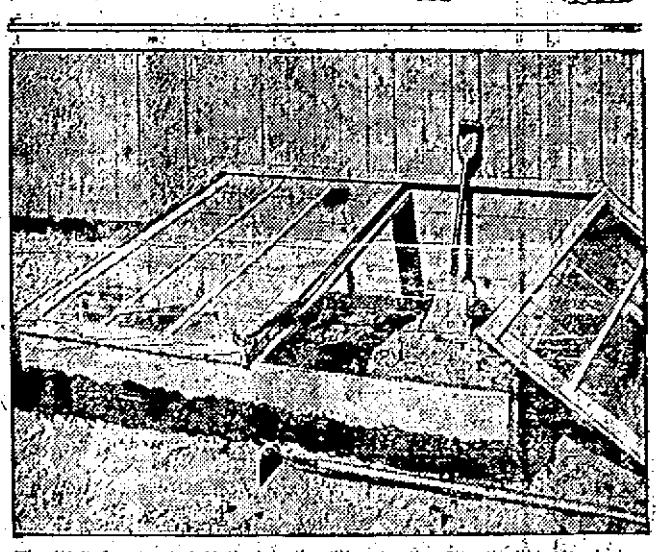
Spraying requires equal if not more knowledge than pruning. There are so many diseases of fruit trees and vines that one must be well versed in the subject to apply the proper spray at the proper time. Many trees and vines fail to produce because of being thoroughly saturated with disease.

Japanese Proverb.

At ten years a wonder child; at fifteen a talented youth, at twenty a common man.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Cottage Gardener



The Well Constructed Hotbed Is the "Key to the Situation" in Producing the Best Vegetable and Flowering Plants. The Coldframe Serves as the Developer.

HAVE LONG ROWS IN YOUR GARDEN

Plan Will Not Only Save Labor but Will Prevent Injury to Tender Plants.

Arrange the garden in long rows and cultivate the crops with a horse whenever this is possible, suggests the United States Department of Agriculture. Horse cultivation can be practiced where the rows are as narrow as 24 inches, but as a rule it does not pay to have the rows closer than 30 or 36 inches.

One good arrangement is to have the crops grown in three-foot rows occupying the major portion of the garden, with a narrow strip along one side laid off in small beds or narrow rows in which all the smaller crops can be grown. One farmer near Washington, D. C. who is noted for having a good garden follows the practice of cultivating with a horse every Saturday afternoon, provided the soil is not too wet from a recent rain. It takes only about one hour to go over the garden with a cultivator and then with a little hand hoeing he is able to keep his garden in perfect condition. While it may not always be convenient to cultivate the garden at a specified time as does this farmer, yet there are often short periods in farm work during which the garden can be cultivated.

The long narrow garden is easier to plow than one that is more nearly square and requires less turning in cultivation. If less than a full row of any one vegetable is desired, this will not cause any inconvenience, as two or three different kinds of vegetables may be planted in one row. The kind of cultivator to use in cultivating the garden does not matter greatly, but one having a number of fairly small teeth that will pulverize the soil.

There are two types of one-horse cultivators on the market, one having five teeth with various sizes and shapes of points that can be changed to suit local conditions and another which is an "A"-shaped cultivator and having about 16 small teeth or shovels.

The wheel hoe is a desirable tool for use in the garden, mainly for finishing up the cultivation close to the rows of plants after the rows have been gone through with a horse cultivator. This applies especially to onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, celery and several of the low-growing and compact types of vegetables. The rows should be perfectly straight. It is better not to depend upon a horse-drawn marker for laying off the rows, but to use a line.

SUCCESS WITH LIMA BEANS

Variety Is Last of Bean Family to Be Planted; May Be Grown to Stakes or Poles.

Tenderest of all the bean tribe and last to be planted are the limas, one of the finest garden vegetables. Both the bush form and the pole varieties are vegetables which should be found in every garden.

Usually, the pole varieties are the more satisfactory to a gardening beginner as they yield a much heavier crop and usually give more beans in a pod than the dwarf varieties, which need good cultivation and plenty of room to develop.

There are many complaints about lima beans failing to germinate. In a majority of cases this is due to one cause. They weren't planted properly. The lima must be planted edgewise with the eye down if germination is to be at all certain. If you have neglected this precaution and failed with limas in the past try again and stick the bean into the earth edgewise and eye down and you will be rewarded by seeing the big, healthy seed leaves come pushing up to the light.

ting, leaves, straw or something of that sort during the cold nights the most tender plants can be carried along and grown to considerable size for setting in the garden.

The plants can either be set directly in the soil of the cold frame, which should always be sifted and fairly well fertilized, or they can be transplanted into trays with paper bands, or wooden bands, or into pots, if available, and these simply set in the cold frame. While pot-grown plants are desirable, very good results can be secured by simply spacing the plants in the soil of the cold frame at distances of four or five inches for tomatoes, peppers and eggplants, and about two or three inches apart for lettuce and small crops. Melons, cucumbers, beans and corn may all be started in the cold frame, using berry boxes or wooden or paper bands for holding the soil. The berry boxes or plant bands should always be removed when setting the plants in the open ground.

PREPARING EARTH FOR SMALL FLATS

Plenty of Pebbles or Rough, Fibrous Soil Necessary; Leaf Mold at the Top.

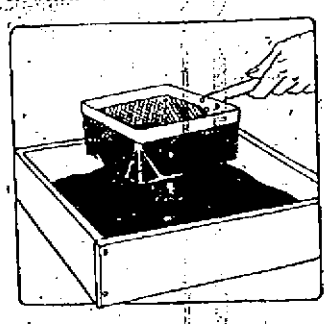
Perhaps for a majority of home gardeners the cigar box or "flat" in a south window answers the purpose of a hotbed or cold frame. It is a thoroughly-tried and tested device of century-long use.

If boxes have not been stored in advance with a supply of earth, it will be necessary to acquire them and to go out with a pickax or mattock and pry loose some frozen clods of earth to place in the cellar to thaw.

Plenty of pebbles, broken flower pots, crockery or rough fibrous earth should be at hand to provide drainage, for good drainage is one of the secrets in indoor boxes. Bore holes in the bottom of the box. Over these scatter the pebbles or pot shreds and upon this place the coarser soil. The surface soil must be sifted carefully through a sieve, leveled down and firmed. The soil used here must be leaf mold or its equivalent in texture.

Plant the seeds in rows, crosswise of the box. Broadcast sowing in window boxes is wasteful. A large portion of the plants are destroyed in watering and transplanting, and often they are so thick they never have a fair chance to develop.

A cloth over the surface of the soil, or better still, a pane of glass, will



Sift the Earth to Be Used in Starting Seeds in Pots or Flats. It Is Easily Done and Well Worth the Effort.

keep a more even temperature and retard evaporation. The cloth must be removed with the first sign of germination and the glass should be lifted and the moisture which has condensed upon it wiped off from time to time.

Care in watering should be exercised, as careless sprinkling will wash seeds out of the ground, and uproot newly germinated little plants. A fine spray or sprinkling with a whisk broom or a similar article is the best way. The boxes should never be soaked after germination starts, but just kept moist.

THE SMALL GARDEN

No space is too small to grow something for the table. A space as small as five feet square will furnish tomatoes, lettuce and radishes.

Apt Expression.

In a recent story occurs the phrase: "The living room fairly leaped through the door to greet you." Living seems to be the correct word, in the circumstances.

Salt From Palestine.

Preparations are being made to obtain salt from the sea on a large scale at Athlit, about ten miles south of Haifa, in Palestine.—Scientific American.

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Neither Words Nor Time Wasted.

There is a commercial traveler in Yorkshire, says an English paper, who is renowned for the amount of ground he can cover in a day's work. "How do you manage to do it?" some one asked. "Ah," he replied, "I pops me 'ead inside the door. 'Marnin',' I says. 'Marnin',' they says. 'Owt?' says I. 'Nowt,' says they. 'Marnin',' say I. 'Marnin,' says they. I pops me 'ead outside the door, an' off I goes to the next shop."

Glass Eyes.

The invention of glass eyes is lost in obscurity. Records show that they were used by the Egyptians, Romans and Venetians many centuries ago. The priests as early as 500 B.C. were known to have made them. The earliest known mention of the modern form of artificial eyes occurs in an illustrated work on surgery written by a French surgeon—Ambroise Pare, published in Paris in 1561.

Measure Up Well!

To hear the great call of a special need or a special privilege is the crowning mark of a man. Most of us do fairly well on the dead levels of every day; that is, we keep going. In the commonplace we are found faithful—which is no mean triumph.—George Clarke Peck.

Sufficient Unto the Day.

He is not wise who discards a happier today for fear it be taken from him on the morrow. Let us wait until the hour has been sounded. Till then each one do his work. The hour will sound at last; let us not waste our time in seeking it on the dial of time.—Maeterlinck.

Clerical Irony.

An old preacher when asked by a young one the best way to teach the Ten Commandments, replied: "If your congregation is poor, teach them as commands; if middle-class, as requests; and if rich, as recommendations."—Boston Transcript.

And It Will Be Final.

"The automobile driver who depends on his horn to clear the track for him," says the old citizen of Little Lot, "one of these days will have a short argument with a railway train at a grade crossing."—Youth's Companion.

Beggars Overrun New York.

New York city is known as a beggars' paradise and it is estimated that between 6,000 and 8,000 professional mendicants make that city their home. About 10 per cent are said to be women.

First Step Toward Progress.

It was the beginning of a better life; for the first step toward anything better is to realize that there is something better. All progress starts with the recognition of defect.—George Hodges.

Wrinkles and "Wrinkles."

"By the time a woman has reached middle age she has picked up a good many wrinkles," says an exchange. Among them being some which enable her to hide the others.

Just Like the Men.

London doctor now comes forward with the cheerless news that women are too weak for housework. Well, the men are not strong for it, either.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sure Was.

A Washington man who has been twice married walked in his sleep and fell out of a second-story window. That's one falling out he didn't have with his wife.

Long and Rapid Journey.

Were it possible for an airplane to fly from the earth to the moon at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, it would take seven weeks to make the trip.

Limit to Personal Liberty.

Jud Tunkins says his idea of personal liberty doesn't imply permission to take all kinds of liberties with the law.—Washington Evening Star.

Practical Advice.

"My boy," counseled his eccentric old uncle, "always strive to be at the top of the heap—especially if you are in a game of football."

A Way to Learn.

Asking questions is one way to find out, but just listening is about as certain and arouses less suspicion.—Atchison Globe.

Some Men Like Rivers.

Some men are like rivers. A river may have a very small head, but it has a great flow at the mouth.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Immensity of Space.

It takes 40,000 years for light to travel across the space between the star cluster and the earth.

UNFROZEN ARCTIC SPOT

Waters of the Murman Coast Are Warmed by Gulf Stream.

Brought Into Limelight by Recent Dispute Between Britain and Russia Over Fishing Rights—Unknown Until War.

Washington.—The questioning recently of British fishermen's right to fish along the Murman coast almost led to a clash between Russians and British in those Far North waters, and the British decided to send a war vessel to the region for future protection. Something of this land on the fourth sea which Russia touches is told in the following bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society:

"When it is realized that the Murman coast is on the Arctic ocean, one naturally pictures a frozen waste, with even a solid sea in winter," says the bulletin. "But the long arm of the Gulf stream, stretched across the Atlantic, around the northern tip of Europe, and along the coast just beyond, makes the Arctic waters which bathe the northern end of Norway and the nearby strip of Russia more truly Atlantic waters. This is an open coast the year round while Arctic waters to the east and the gulfs of the Baltic for to the south are frozen solidly for many months.

"Foreign fishermen have been making the most of this region of iceless waters, where, in the proper season schools of cod, herring and salmon abound. Chiefly, the fishing vessels are those of British and Norwegians who have maintained that they have the right to carry on their trade outside the three-mile limit. This, the Russians dispute, and have arrested boats nine miles off shore.

"The Russian fishermen of the Murman coast are a nomadic lot who live along the coast in the spring and summer and desert the country in winter.

"The Murman coast was practically unknown to the outside world until the blockade of the Baltic and Black seas during the World war made necessary a dependence on the unused possible railway in the North. An army of 100,000 laborers was set to work pushing a railroad from Petrograd to the port of Murmanx, where an inlet 30 miles from the open sea, in a wide deep harbor free from currents and ice, the largest ocean freighters could dock. In spite of the greatest engineering difficulties through a country of bogs by summer and ice by winter, the line was completed, but only a little while before the Russian revolution came to make it useless.

"Several thousand American 'doughboys' were sent to the Murman coast with British, French and Italian contingents, to hold the railroads of the region, and spent long months in the cheerless region. When the war-time population left, the country slipped back, and now, except for the railroad villages, is almost as sparsely settled as before. A few Lapps live scattered over the Kola peninsula, whose northern edge forms the Murman coast, living largely on their reindeer. As in many Arctic regions, mosquitoes are a serious pest along the Murman coast in summer, and even the reindeer flee to the interior highlands to get away from them."

HAS TWO HEADS; USES BOTH

Terrapin Is Also Equipped With Two Full Sets of Snapping Apparatus.

Charlottesville, Va.—Albermarle county has produced quite a lot of freaks, but by long odds the most unique and unheard of is the dry land terrapin brought to this city the other day by O. E. Black, who resides two miles south of Crozet on the Miller school road.

The specimen was taken near a spring by a young girl on Black's farm and shows a remarkable growth of two perfectly developed heads on separate necks, which meet just at the edge of the shell. The animal uses each head equally well, and each one is provided with a mouth and complete snapping apparatus.

Owing to the peculiar growth, the reptile is not able to draw back both heads as is their habit, but is able to draw up its legs in the usual fashion when struck or otherwise alarmed.

British Build Giant Lifeboat.

London.—The largest lifeboat in the world, which will be motor-driven and contain a cabin, is being built for the Royal National Lifeboat institution's station at Mersey. It will be 60 feet long, fitted with two engines, and have a radius of action of more than 100 miles. In the fleet of 238 vessels owned by the institute, there are now 38 motorboats.

Spoils Funeral; Rises From Coffin as Lid Is Put On

Milan, Italy.—The coffin lid was just being fastened down when Maria Battesini, fifty-six years old, who supposedly had died the day before suddenly revived and sat upright. The priests fled; relatives became hysterical. Doctors were summoned, and the woman is on the road to recovery.

Lines Worth Remembering.

Envy is a low and degrading passion, and should be striven against.—Kipling.

South Africa Easily In Lead.

South African diamond fields yield about 98 per cent of the total product.

England Has Oldest Manuscripts.

The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British museums, and bears the date of 1049. The most ancient manuscript on the same material in the library of Paris is dated 1050. In 1055 A. D., the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton, which is recognized by its yellowness and brittleness.

Long-Lived Trees.

The heart of the common oak, it is said, begins to rot at the age of 300 years, so even when an oak is undisturbed it rarely lives much beyond 500 years. A larch may live 275 years, a silver fir 425 years and a pine over 500 years. The yew has a remarkable power of resisting time's ravages and may survive for 1000 years or more.

Whence the Name Death Valley.

Death valley, a low desert in Inyo county, California, near the Nevada border, was given its name by a survivor of an immigrant party of 80, who, in 1849 or 1850, lost their way there and of whom, after enduring indescribable sufferings, 18 perished in the sands.

Fails in Duty.

The individual who is hurt by some one and feels and fails to make it known, and thus give opportunity for explanation and correction, deserves what he suffers for his lack of courage, and even more for his failure to give occasion for justice to be done.—Alexander Lyons.

Stevenson's View of Life.

Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And that is all that life ever really means.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Can Join Mica.

A process for joining mica has been patented by a Calcutta man. It consists in bringing the parts into contact, applying a mica solution, and subjecting the whole to heat and to slight pressure. With borax used as a flux mica may thus be joined to metal.

Formation of Mercury.

Mercury occurs native, in the metallic form, but by far the larger part of it is obtained by distilling the native sulphide, cinnabar, in a current of air so regulated as to burn the sulphur of the sulphide while leaving the mercury in the metallic state.

Oldest Trade Union.

The oldest unions in the world are the trade guilds of Constantinople, centuries old. All workers, no matter how humble their positions—vendors, porters, barbers and postmen—belong to a guild.

Superiority Brings Earnings.

You have to earn what you get. And to earn more than the ordinary man you must study and plan and scheme and work and sweat and plod more than he does.—A. C. Gilbert.

New Salmon-Packing Method.

A new method of packing salmon for the foreign trade, which consists in chilling the fish without actually freezing them, has been introduced by the fish packers in Labrador.

O Boy!

Ever notice your deskmate in the office when he gets a letter from his wife, then take a slant at him when he opens one from his girl?—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Quite So.

A doctor has written an article defending cosmetics. We always thought their use injurious, but this puts a new complexion on the matter.—From the Boston Transcript.

Mice as Human Food.

Mice are eaten more in Africa than elsewhere; they are a favorite dish of the Mabari, in Boroise valley. Liberia is a country where they are eaten frequently.

Dynamite Hard to Explode.

Curiously enough, one of the safest cargoes is dynamite, which is amongst the most violent of all explosives. Except in very exceptional circumstances, dynamite will not explode unless it receives an intensely hot flash from some kind of detonator. A stick of it may be lit and held in the hand like a candle.

Damage Done by One Rat.

Fire caused by a rat eating through the insulation of an electric cable caused about $7,500 damage and threw about 600 men out of work temporarily as a steel factory in Sheffield, Eng. The electric installation was badly damaged, and the power plant put out of action.

Wooden Conduits Lasted Long.

Relics of ancient waterpipes, consisting of the hollow trunks of two very fine elm trees, were recently dug up in London. These wooden conduits, although they had been laid down more than 200 years ago, were still in a wonderful state of preservation.

Man to Be Watched.

The man who is really good never gives one the impression that he knows he is good. The man who tells you how good he is, like the man who boasts of his honesty, may be a pretty good counterfeit, but he certainly isn't legal tender.

How Do You Pronounce It?

Your grocer calls it en-dive, (accent on the first syllable), with the sound of "i" as in "light." Probably you do, too, from force of habit. Don't do it, though; say en-div (accent on first syllable), giving the sound of "i" as in "tin."

Would Seem to Follow.

"What's a grass widow, mother?" asked Amy. "Oh, don't bother," evaded the mother. "Wait till you grow up." "But I want to know now," persisted Amy. "I'll tease you straight along if you don't, tell." "Well," answered the mother, "let us suppose that your father were to leave me for a long time. I would be a grass widow, then." "And would papa be a grasshopper?" inquired the interested Amy.

Enduring Value.

A great poem is the fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine influence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of all unforeseen and an unconceived delight.—Sir Philip Sidney.

How the Fires Start.

In the forests of the Rockies the evergreens stand some distance apart so that their tops do not touch, says the "School Book of Forestry" of the American Tree association. As a result, these western forests do not shade the ground as well as those in the East. This causes the soils of these forests to be much drier, and also increases the danger from fire.

Tomato Legally a Vegetable.

Botanically a tomato is a fruit. The Supreme court, however, has decided that since tomatoes are grown in kitchen gardens, and eaten generally as part of the body of a meal, and as they are sold as vegetables, therefore they should be considered vegetables as far as commerce and general use are concerned.

To Clean Aluminum.

The best way to clean aluminum is to squeeze the juice of a fresh lemon over a cloth and apply this to brighten the metal. When the aluminum is very much soiled a paste of whiting and water will help to clean it.

Well Acquainted.

As Buddy was saying his prayers one evening, mother named some of his nearest friends and relatives. Buddy looked up at her and said: "Gee, mamma, I've got a lot of friends for a little kid, haven't I?"

The Fly in the Ointment.

No matter how famous a man may become in art, the professions or in business in after years, there will be some in the old home town who will remember him chiefly for the part he played in an amateur show.

Fable!

Once upon a time there was a young lady engaged to a young man who promptly broke off her engagement when she found that the chap was really not a poor boy, but a millionaire.—Aesop's Film Fables.

Appreciation of Moses.

I like to read about Moses best in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died, when other folks were going to reap the fruits.—George Eliot.

Why Both?

Can a woman be both intelligent and beautiful?" asks a social worker. Certainly, but what's the use?—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Lucretian Philosophy.

Fly no opinion because it is new, but strictly search, and after careful view, reject it if false, embrace it if its true.—Lucretius.

Thought for the Day.

Repeating half a truth often does more harm than telling a whole lie.

Bird Cannot Stand Rivalry.

A nightingale dies for shame if another bird sings better.—Burton.

Starting on the Furniture.

An authority on the fuel situation declares that we must "learn to eke out by burning oil, gas, electricity and what not." We are glad he mentioned the what not. Mary, hand us the ax.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The English Language.

The English language is said to consist of 700,000 words, but nearly half are either obsolete or scientific, seldom used in conversation. It has been calculated that nine-tenths of our words are of Saxon origin.

Fighting Rats in London Subways.

Rats are fought relentlessly on London's underground railway; when one is seen special rat catchers are sent after it. The rats come out for the grease on the rails.—London Answers.

Settling Old Scores.

Yes, I'll admit my neighbor is a wise bird. He hasn't a bit of use for me, so he gave my boy the largest and loudest drum he could buy for his birthday present."

In the Majority.

The pessimist looks regretfully back; the optimist looks joyfully forward; the ordinary mortal just groans and smiles through today.—Boston Transcript.

The Nuisance in the Triangle.

A Georgia judge says the only safe "triangle" for a man to get mixed up with is a wife, a pipe and a dog. That's all right, and we tried it out once, but for the sake of peace we had to get rid of the dog.—Detroit Free Press.

Where Girls Fade Early.

It is said Egyptian girls are very pretty at fifteen, but immediately after begin to fade.

Lack Lasting Qualities.

There are people who, like new songs, are in vogue only for a time.—Rochefoucauld.

Methodism in America.

Immigrants from Ireland and England brought Methodism to the United States. One group headed by Philip Embury formed what was called the first Methodist society in America in New York in 1766. About the same time Robert Strawbridge began to preach and form societies in Frederick county, Maryland. Some claim the Maryland beginning was prior to that of New York. The matter is in controversy.

Origin of Ice Cream.

The editor of a British ice cream and soda water trade publication says ice cream was not invented by an American negro, but was known to the Romans and to the Chinese and Japs in 1200 A. D. When Queen Catherine de Medici left Florence to marry the king of France, she took Italian ice cream chefs with her, while Charles I had a cook who possessed the secret recipe.

Lace Making.

The process of lace making was invented at St. Annaberg in Saxony, by Barbara Uttmann, in 1561. It flourished in Holland and Belgium for some time before its introduction into England, which tradition ascribes to some English refugees who settled in the village of Cranfield, Bedford.

A "Drive" Victim.

"Riches don't necessarily bring happiness to their possessor," remarked Mr. Grabcoin, "but once a man acquires wealth it's extraordinary how many times a day earnest callers will tell him he's in a position to contribute to the happiness of others."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Denominational Privilege.

"We were out in the park one day, my little girl and I," writes Mrs. B., "when we came to a path with a sign over it. Glancing up at the sign my little girl said: 'Oh, mamma, we can't go down there—it says, "For Presbyterians only."'"—Boston Transcript.

The Weathercock.

The church weather vane has been handed down to our own day from the time of St. Dunstan. Its name, weathercock, suggests its shape. This bird, emblem of vigilance, represents the preacher and rouses the sleepy.

Worth Thinking Over.

Here is a rather telling point made in a play running in New York: "Some of us imagine we are misunderstood, when the trouble is we are understood by others and not by ourselves."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Giving and Receiving.

We are as answerable for what we give as for what we receive; nay, the misplacing of a benefit is worse than the not receiving of it; for the one is another person's fault, but the other is mine.—Seneca.

Essential to Progress.

Progress which will march if we hold an abiding faith in the intelligence, the initiative, the character, the courage, and the divine touch of the individual.—Herbert Hoover.

A World Need.

What this poor old world patiently awaits is an alarm clock that will ring when it's time for us to go to bed and keep up the clatter until we do.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preferred Earache.

Mrs. B. writes that her little boy remarked that he'd much rather have the earache than the toothache, because he didn't have to have his ear pulled out.

Better to Hear Than to Speak.

Hear much and speak little, for the tongue is the greatest instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil that is done in the world.—Raleigh.

That's All the Difference.

Some girls don't write home from college for several weeks and some run out of spending money in a few days.—San Francisco Chronicle.

To Stop the Squeak.

You will find that if vaseline is heated a little and rubbed on doors, chairs, beds or hinges that squeak, they will at once become noiseless.

Stray Bit of Wisdom.

A lie can be turned inside out and so decked in new plumage that none will recognize its lean old carcass.—Ibsen.

When Life Passes Quickly.

The years between the ages of twenty-five and forty seem to pass more quickly than any other period of life.

Be Thorough.

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

Where Life and Hope Clash.

Competition may be the life of trade, but co-operation is the hope of Christianity.—Kansas City Star.

Morpheus to the Rescue.

A married man seldom gets the last word because of his inability to remain awake.

Sees Hydrogen as Fuel.

Liquefied hydrogen, according to an Italian scientist, is the coming motor vehicle fuel.

Japanese Build by Standard.

In Japanese houses the rooms are always of standard sizes.

Use for Sharks' Fins.

The fins of the shark are used in making gelatin.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

First "Trust" in United States.

The first of the industrial trusts was formed in 1879 by the Standard Oil interests under the guiding genius of S. C. T. Todd, later vice president and general counsel of that unusual aggregation of properties and brains. The success of the Standard Oil trust was so pronounced that within the decade immediately following a half-dozen other trusts were formed and began operation.

Sarcasm.

"Stockings!" Smithers pounded the table. "Stockings! Why, you've got gray stockings and red stockings, silk, lisle thread, canton flannel, wool, dentasse and socks, stockings until—why it takes two bookkeepers to balance my checkbook, Mary. Stockings! You want more stockings! Say, what do think yuh are, anyhow, a centipede?"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Hard to Imagine.

In whatever way it comes to pass, we know that when we see a new star we are witnessing the actual explosion of a sun. You know what occurs when a few grains of gunpowder are ignited; try to imagine the same thing happening to a huge globe weighing billions upon billions of tons! The force created is a million billion times greater than that of an explosion of dynamite.

The Boycott.

The word boycott means to combine to refuse to work for, deal, or associate with or assist a person; a species of excommunication; to place merchandise under a ban to prevent its sale. It was a method of intimidation adopted by the Irish Land league in 1880, and Captain Boycott was one of its first victims.

London's Ivory Warehouse.

One of the most wonderful places in the London docks is the ivory warehouse, where tusks to the value of half a million pounds are usually in stock. About 50 tons of ivory are used every year for making knife handles and for decorative work. The value of the material is about £1,000 ($5,000) per ton.

Confidence in His Legs.

I was going to call on a friend who lived a considerable distance from my home, and when I said I would like to take Edward, my nephew, if it wasn't so far, he looked at me pleadingly and said: "O, auntie, please take me! My legs don't think that's far."—Exchange.

He's a Philosopher.

Little George is an embryonic philosopher. He said the other day at table: "Now, when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch the floor, but when I walk around they touch the floor as well as anybody's."—Woman's Home Companion.

Practice "Give and Take."

In the business world today a man who is unwilling "to give and take" stands very little chance of attaining success. The philosophy of modern business has so been developed that biggest business is now greatest service.

Here's a Smile.

"Just think of it! An impudent fellow calmly came in and actually stole the clock right off the mantelpiece." "And your dog was in the very room?" "Yes, but that doesn't count. Flossy is only a watchdog, you know."

Explaining the Difference.

There are twin boys noticeably alike, but whose temperaments are widely different. David in speaking of them said to his uncle: "Uncle Dave, their faces are twins, but their thinks aren't."

The Ancient Grudge.

The only way to rid one's self of a grudge is simply to let it go. Just drop it and forget where you lost it. If you mark the spot you might sometimes be tempted to go back and pick it up again.

Worm Gets Golf Name.

A new variety of worm has received the name of "Golfingia McIntoshii," because the scientist who discovered it described it during a game of golf with his friend, Professor McIntosh.

One of Rarest of Gases.

A very rare gas in the air is neon, of which a room contains only a teaspoonful or two. It is used for filling bulbs required to give an orange-colored light.

Egyptians Wore Thimbles.

What was supposed to be the first thimble was made in the year 1684, but devices of an apparently similar pattern have been found in Egyptian ruins.

One of Life's Chief Lessons.

How hard a lesson it is to wait! Our life is brief, and how much of it is spent in teaching us only this.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Such Is Man.

When he is born, his mother gets the attention; at his marriage, the bride gets it; at his funeral the widow gets it.—From the Associated Editors.

The Pie-Eating City.

The greatest pie-eating city of this country has been claimed by Los Angeles, Cal., with a consumption of 40,000 pies per day.

When Brains Are Really Necessary.

It is true, Chlorinda, that no brains are required to inherit money, but a good supply is necessary to keep it.—New Orleans States.

Cliff-Dwellers Had Idols.

Stone idols were used in the religious ceremonials of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers of Colorado, it has recently been discovered.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, March 29, 1873

At the meeting of the City Council Monday evening the City Solicitor stated that there are grave doubts as to the validity of the recent legislation changing the mode of electing some of the city officers.

The Providence Journal intimated the other day that it was indifferent whether the new state house was to be erected in that city, in Newport or East Greenwich. Many thoughtful people are considering the subject. Providence, it is said, is accessible, but its accessibility is adverse to legislation.

The rumors that are current in this city in regard to the sale of the Narragansett Steamship line to parties largely interested in the American Steamboat Company, may have some truth in them and they may be only idle rumors. They are, however, generally believed in this city.

We have been asked to state through the columns of the Mercury about when spring is expected to approach. We have made careful examination in regard to the matter and can now confidently assert that in our opinion it will be along some time between this date and September.

The contract for carrying the mail between Newport and Westerly has been awarded to James A. Peabody. Price $760 a year.

The State House question still hangs fire in the Assembly. We trust that all measures in regard to the matter of a character of those that have yet been brought up, will be strangled.

Candidates for the mayoralty grow more numerous each day. The present incumbent, Mayor Atkinson, is again before the people. Gen. A. L. Burdick is warmly urged by his friends; Col. William A. Stedman's name has been suggested by not a few; John S. Engs is reported as having aspirations for the office. The friends of Alderman Slocum are pushing his name to the front.

The wrecked steamer Metis is to be sold at auction next Tuesday.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 2, 1898

At the various army and naval stations about this city and Narragansett Bay all is hurry and bustle in the preparations for war. All the defences are being put in first class condition and in many places new batteries are being placed in position.

Next Wednesday, April 6, is election day. The voters of Newport will have a chance to exercise the right of suffrage to an extent hardly ever equalled before. The proposed new constitution of the state is to be read at all the polling places. This will take at least two hours, and make some of the clerks wish the commission in the hot place, or in some other country, where there is no such thing as constitution making.

The successful bidders for the new Second ward schoolhouse are F. A. Allan, Jr., for the construction of the building; P. J. Murphy, plumbing; and P. F. Conroy, heating.

Mr. Benjamin F. Bliss, Mr. J. Edward Bliss, and Mr. M. F. Shea started Thursday on a two weeks' vacation to be spent in Bermuda.

Mr. James A. Greene has arrived at Fairview, British Columbia.

Captain Benjamin F. Case died at his home on Third street Thursday noon after a short illness. He was a member of Excelsior Lodge, I. O. O. F., and that organization will attend the funeral, which will be solemnized Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ida Gladding has returned from New York, where she spent the winter.

George Arnold Millikin of New Shoreham, a very prominent and respected young man, died Wednesday, March 30th, at his home, of pneumonia, after an illness of only one week. He was a charter member of the American Mechanics. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows.

The Merry Twelve held their weekly gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Scott Thursday evening. After a couple of hours devoted to whist the winners were found to be Mrs. John Dugan and Mr. H. C. Brigham for first prizes and Mrs. James Palmer and Mr. John Dugan for consolations.

A Spring street grocer sent an order of groceries to a customer by a new boy. The boy did not come back, but the customer did and demanded his groceries. The grocer sent another supply and put his customer in good humor. In the meantime he is still waiting for the boy and the first lot of groceries and can't say whether they are on their way to the Klondike or to the Cubans.

The members of Polly Lawton Council, Daughters of Liberty, gave a very successful and enjoyable social Thursday evening. Mr. Fred Winsor acted as floor manager, Mr. B. P. Downing prompted and the music was furnished by Greason's orchestra.

It looks as though the people intended to have a city hall this time.

The Bull site at the corner of Broadway and Bull street appears to be quite favorably commended as a good site for the city hall.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Agnes C. Freer

REQUEST in writing is made by Frederick C. Freer, of Chicago, Illinois, husband of Agnes C. Freer, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Michael F. Costello, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator de bonis non of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 20, 1923.

Estate of Martin T. Boyle

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Martin T. Boyle, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the sixteenth day of April next at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 10th, 1923.

Estate of Patrick J. Sullivan

REQUEST in writing is made by Jeremiah J. Sullivan of said Newport, a son of Patrick J. Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Timothy F. Sullivan, of said Newport, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Second day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordred that notice there of be published for fourten days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-17

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 14th, 1923.

Estate of Mary Gallagher

GUARDIAN Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Gallagher, late of Lakewood, in the County of Cuyahoga, in the State of Ohio, deceased, which will was proved and allowed by the Court of Probate within and for said County of Cuyahoga, presents a copy of said last will and testament and of the Probate thereof, under the seal of said Court of Probate and in writing requests that the same be filed and recorded in the registry of this Court, according to law, and that letters testamentary be granted thereon; said deceased leaving estate in the State of Rhode Island and in said City of Newport, whereon said will may operate; and said copies and request are received and referred to the Second day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Pobate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-17

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, Sc.

Newport, March 24th, A. D. 1923.

WHEREAS, Abbie L. Germaine of the City of Newport in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition, praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Abbie L. Germaine and Joseph H. Germaine, now in parts to the said Abbie L. Germaine unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered:

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Joseph H. Germaine, of the pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Cou House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1923, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

3-24-6w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of John Thomas

New Shoreham, R. I., March 24, 1923.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham of Clara B. Buitschmid of Arlington, R. I., as Administratrix of the estate of John Thomas, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and her qualification by giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning March 24th, A. D. 1923.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

CLARA B. BUITSCHMID, Administratrix.

3-24

State of Rhode Island Superior Court
Newport, Sc. In Equity

Petition of Luther F. Cobb for Dissolution of Newport Paper & Grocery Company

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested in the dissolution of the Newport Paper & Grocery Company, that the Petition of Luther F. Cobb for dissolution of said Newport Paper & Grocery Company is set down for hearing at the Newport County Court House on April 2nd, 1923, at 12 o'clock, noon, or as soon thereafter as the attention of the Court can be obtained.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

3-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Edward Sullivan

REQUEST in writing is made by Jeremiah McCarthy of said Newport, husband of Ellen McCarthy, late of said Newport, deceased, who was Executrix of the will of Edward Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, testate, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 10th, 1923.

Estate of Jeremiah J. Sullivan

A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Jeremiah J. Sullivan, a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of Patrick J. Sullivan and Nellie Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of Timothy F. Sullivan of said Newport, as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Second day of April next, at ten o'clock. a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-17

CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

Blisters On Hands, Feet and Hips. Itched and Burned. Lasted 3 Months.

"My hands, feet and hips itched and burned so that I scratched them and the skin became red and sore. Later white, watery blisters formed which turned to sore eruptions. When I put my hands in water they itched and burned.

"The trouble lasted about three months. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using four cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Percy Hartford, Box 43, Curtis Corner, Me.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.

Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office
Newport, R. I., June 16th A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3033 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court November 2nd, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 30th day of March A. D. 1922, in favor of Henry Jennings, of the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 9 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan had on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1921, at 12 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northerly on Prospect Hill street; Easterly on lands now or formerly of John S. Langley, et als., and others; Southerly on Franklin street, and Westerly on lands now or formerly of the late Joseph M. Hammett; formerly the premises of Nathaniel Langley, deceased, and now the premises of Dennis Shanahan and Patrick H. Horgan. He all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock Noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

8-26-4w

Newport, R. I., September 21, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 25th day of September, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-21

Newport, R. I., September 28, 1922

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Fifth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., October 5, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-7

Newport, R., I., October 13, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-14

Newport R. I., October 28, 1922

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-2

Newport, R. I., November 28, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the twenty-seventh day of January, A.D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Dec. 2
Jan. 21

Newport, R. I., January 27, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the twenty-seventh day of March, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Feb. 3.
Feb. 24.
March 3.
March 24.

Newport, R. I., March 27, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

March 31
June 23

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 19th, 1923.

Estates of Clifford Johnson, 3rd, Gladys E. Johnson and William T. Johnson

PETITION in writing is made by Clifford Johnson, Jr., of said Newport, requesting that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Guardian of the estates of Clifford Johnson, 3rd, Gladys E. Johnson and William T. Johnson, minors, under the age of fourteen years, children of said Clifford Johnson, Jr., and of Gladys E. T. Johnson, late of said Newport, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 10th, 1923.

Estate of Catherine H. Sullivan

A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Catherine H. Sullivan, a minor over the age of fourteen years, daughter of Patrick J. Sullivan and Nellie Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that she has made choice of Timothy F. Sullivan of said Newport, as guardian of her person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Second day of April next, at ten o'clock. a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-17

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Mary Agnes Slavin, also known as Agnes Slaven

REQUEST in writing is made by James A. McGowan of said Newport, a creditor of the estate of Mary Agnes Slavin, also known as Agnes Slaven, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport
Estate of Hannah Sullivan

NOTICE is hereby given that Michael J. Sullivan has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Hannah Sullivan, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning March 17th, 1923.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

March 13th, 1923

When you want the best in

QUALITY, WEIGHT and SERVICE

CALL ON US

Over 40 years of catering to the grain buying public have placed us in a position to supply your every need in that line.

Agents for

H. C. ANTHONY'S FAMOUS GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

Mackenzie & Winslow
[INCORPORATED]
15 BRANCHES

HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT SHAVINGS

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.

SPRING SHOES

New styles in footwear for the present season

Men's brogue oxfords

Pumps and oxfords for women

Outdoor shoes for children

Our usual reliable goods

The T. Mumford Seabury Co
214 Thames Street.
Tel. 767

THE NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO

NO COKE for Sale AT PRESENT.

New York

VIA FALL RIVER LINE

Fare $4.44

Large, Comfortable Staterooms Orchestra on each Steamer

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M
Due New York 7:00 A.M.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

PAPERS IN YOUR ATTIC

Do not burn or destroy OLD LETTERS, PERSONAL PAPERS or NEWSPAPERS.

They may have no money value, but may have HISTORIC INTEREST.

If you do not want them write or telephone to us and we will call for them, and preserve them, if of interest, in our archives, among our relics of Old Newport Families.

NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TOURO STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Dr. Roderick Terry, President.

Lloyd M. Mayer, Librarian

A Distinguished Appearance

is a pleasure enjoyed when your Residence is attractively painted with

L & M SEMI-PASTE PAINT

PAINT FACTS

They are simply adding Linseed Oil to L & M Semi-Paste Paint. Quickly done. Saves you Money.

For 50 years has given utmost **Value**—

Longest years of **wear** because costly **White Zinc** is added for durability—

Least Cost—because in semi-paste form; to make ready to use, add 3 quarts **Linseed Oil** to each gallon of **Paint** and so make the Best Pure Paint for **$2.82 per gallon.**

Ask our Agent for Card showing many beautiful Colors.

FOR SALE BY

RALPH R. BARKER, Inc., 99 Spring St.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Organized 1819

This bank allows interest at 4 1-2 per cent per annum ON ALL AMOUNTS, payable on the third Saturday of January and July.

Interest begins April 21, 1923.

HOW GREAT WORKS ARE ACCOMPLISHED

Perseverance accomplishes where spasmodic strength often fails.

Persevere in accumulating a reserve fund—begin now—open an account with The Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street — Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY — MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to — CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY — All Goods are Pure Absolutely

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 14th, 1923.

Estate of Patrick J. Boyle

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Patrick J. Boyle, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Second day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-17

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

Estate of Rugenia E. Mitchell

New Shoreham, R. I., March 24, 1923.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, of Anna M. Mitchell, guardian of the person and estate of Rugenia E. Mitchell, minor, of said New Shoreham, and her qualification by giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning March 24th, A. D. 1923.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

ANNA M. MITCHELL, Guardian.

3-24